

THE SCOURGE.

JUNE 1st, 1816.

BAZAARS; CHEAP BARGAINS, &c. &c.

To the Editor of the SCOURGE.

SIR,

HAVING perused, with much interest, in the last number of the SCOURGE, an article, signed *Filius variorum*, on the subject of the novel establishments lately introduced into this country, under the denomination of Bazaars, I am led to hope, that your known impartiality will induce you to pay equal attention to the complaints of an honest, and once successful tradesman, as you were pleased to show to the mongrel offspring of an operadancer. Grievous as is the case I am now going to detail to you, I have but too much reason, alas! to believe that mine is far from being a solitary instance of the pernicious effects of these absurd innovations. The results of a long and sanguinary war, of themselves were sufficient to stagnate commerce, and will long continue to be severely felt by every description of tradesmen. But, as if the ordinary evils attendant on war were not disastrous and ruinous enough, a new source of plague and mischief has been invented, which fairly undermines the prosperity of the regular trader.

You must know then, Mr. Editor, that I, who once was in the habit of selling goods to the amount of from twenty to thirty pounds, per day, now do not take as many shillings, in the same interval of time. The natural consequence is, that having little or nothing to do, the attendance of my wife and daughters behind the counter is become absolutely unnecessary. Now nothing on earth hangs more heavily upon us, than time, which we know not how to employ. Accordingly, the principal object

with my wife and daughters is to get red of it. For this purpose, every morning after breakfast they repair to their toilette, and having dressed themselves in the very height of the fashion, hurry off to the Bazaars. Here they lounge away the greatest part of the day ; but this is not the worst of the evil. Females, of all ages, are subject to longings, especially when dress is in the question. Hence they seldom fail to return home, loaded with what they call *bargains*, that is to say, millinery, perfumery, and a variety of gewgaws, made up of trumpery, damaged goods, which I most solemnly declare are not worth half the price at which they are sold in these *cheap* repositories. As to the millinery articles, they are not to be compared with what they formerly were in the habit of purchasing from my good friend and neighbour, Mrs. Modish ; neither does the perfumery approach in quality to that sold by my old acquaintance, honest Tom Lavender, whose name, poor fellow, as well as my own, I expect very shortly to see in the gazette. In vain is it, that I point out all this to my wife and daughter ; they are alike deaf and blind to all proof and remonstrance. Say what I will, nothing will go down with them, but what they buy at the Bazaars. I am not even allowed to purchase the articles I want for my own use, at a regular shop. Thus, my wife brought me home the other day some patent shaving-soap, which fairly took all the skin off my face, and presented me with a pound of hair-powder impregnated with lime, which has burnt my hair to the very roots. On my complaining of the injury I had sustained by her *cheap bargains*, she sallied forth incontinently to the Bazaars, from which she returned with a bottle of *huile-divine*, to restore the skin upon my face, and a double bottle of *Macassar Oil*, to regenerate my hair. But, though I have nearly consumed both the one and the other of these articles, by continual application, I neither find any benefit from the *huile-divine*, which instead of healing my face, has freckled it all over ; nor has a single hair sprouted up, to replace those, which I have lost by

her adulterated powder. As to the caps and veils, which they are constantly purchasing for themselves, I protest they do not last my wife or daughters a week. But then, they are such *cheap* bargains, and the Bazaars are such a delightful morning-lounge, and all the fashionable world goes there—and what can be more amusing than to kill time, in a place, where one may see such a prodigious variety of things, without being compelled to lay out a farthing? Though, by the bye, I must honestly declare, that I never yet knew the day, that they returned from their morning excursion, empty-handed.

I have a son, Mr, Editor, who has made several voyages to the East Indies, and who has frequently amused me with an account of the strange things he has seen, in the course of his travels. Among other novelties, he has several times given me a description of the Bazaars of Indostan. But, L—d bless your soul! Sir, the Bazaars of which he was in the habit of speaking, are as much like ours, as an apple is like an oyster. There they really answer the purpose of a regular market, whereas with us they are the resort of idleness and vanity. I wish most sincerely from my very soul, that if we are to be deluged with these absurd innovations, they might be converted to some profitable and useful purpose. I should like to see some of our patriotic butchers and green-grocers open a Bazaar, for the cheap sale of provisions, which are now, by the blessing of heaven, sufficiently abundant, would but the dealers be content to retail them to us, at a moderate profit. In making this proposal, I do not pretend to say, that the sale of meat and vegetables accords more with the denomination of Bazaar, than that of any other article. I am well aware that the term is totally inappropriate and mis-applied amongst us. But I have other designs, *in petto*; especially at a time like the present, when we are all miserable, notwithstanding our fine clothes, and numbers absolutely starving in the midst of plenty. Were a Bazaar, such as I now propose, once established, there cannot be the smallest doubt that our Machiavelian ministers, who well know, and upon

that knowledge act, that "*hunger will tame a lion*," would not be dilatory in abolishing it, and with a vengeance too! Now, they could not with any decency shut up one Bazaar, without extending the same measure to the whole tribe of them.—That public good therefore must inevitably result from the institution of a cheap meat and vegetable Bazaar, must be evident to every person, who gives the subject the smallest thought and reflection.

Shall I avow my own frailty, Mr. Editor? Why then, you must know that my wife and daughters so teased and pestered me the other day, to accompany them to the Bazaar, that I could not possibly resist their importunity. I accordingly suffered myself to be dragged along to Soho-square;—must I tell the remainder? Like a fool, I took five pounds with me; and on my return home had not a sixpence left in my pocket. It looked so mean, I was told, to walk up and down the Bazaar, and buy nothing. Then my wife found such an article so very tasteful, and my daughters were equally in love with another. Such a thing was wanting for our parlour; another would compleat our drawing-room. In a word, they did not leave off tormenting me with their *cheap bargains*, till they saw I had not a penny left, wherewith to purchase them.

But the loss of my money is not the only thing I had to grieve at. I found still greater cause for serious and unpleasant reflection, in the conduct of my wife and daughters, who appeared to be as intimately acquainted with all the bucks and fashionable idlers of the place, as if they had known them for years. "*O tempora! O mores!*" My head, I fear, is ornamented at the expence of my pocket. The latter indeed is empty, but my heart is full. Every day I expect to hear of the elopement of one or more, perhaps of all my daughters, with some thoughtless spendthrift, or worthless rake. My trade, thanks to the ruinous system so long persisted in by ministers, is falling off every day, and what little custom I might otherwise look up to, is diverted from its legitimate channel, and absorbed in the destructive vortex of the Bazaars. What

to do, in this extremity, I am utterly at a loss to devise. I believe I must ultimately turn *Bazaarist* myself, and hire a stand at one of the most fashionable of these novel establishments. Yes, verily, I must even become a votary of the new sect, and fall down and worship before the shrine of these Bazaars; for "there is nothing like unto them; neither in the heaven above; nor in the earth beneath; nor yet in the waters under the earth!"

Ludgate-hill, May 17th, 1816. BENJAMIN TAPE.

CROSS-READINGS,
FROM THE DAILY AND WEEKLY PAPERS.

THE Prince and Princess of C—G will reside no longer at O—l—ds, than till they—have rehearsed their parts, in Congreve's comedy of *Love for Love*.

The illustrious personages had all taken their stations at—the Adam and Eve Gardens and Pleasure-Grounds.

The bride and bridegroom retired, after the ceremony, arm in arm—a beautiful picture of domestic life.

The present Exhibition of the Royal Academy abounds in—rubbish, to be carted away at so much per load.

His Serene Highness Prince C—G has, it is confidently asserted—drawn one of the capital prizes in the May lottery.

On sale, at R—ns's grand rooms, Piazza, Covent-garden, some beautiful horn-work, the property of—a certain most noble Marquis.

Bonaparte lately asked a young lady, whether she had ever been in England? She replied, yes, she had been educated at—the Horse Barracks, Gray's Inn Lane Road.

Hone's full and interesting account of the late royal wedding—wrapped round each bottle.

Count Nugent has recently been created a Roman prince—by the original inventor and sole proprietor, Jonathan P—, of John-street, Oxford-street.

A motion was lately made in a certain august assembly, by Mr. B—m, for a dutiful address to the Prince Regent, praying that he would be graciously pleased to grant—to every rogue a halter.

The applications to become maids of honor to her Royal Highness the Princess of C—G, have already—fallen fifteen and a half per cent.

His Majesty the Emperor of Russia has just sent to

Count Pozzo, the Russian ambassador at Paris, two most beautiful——patent water-closets.

The Directors of a certain Medical Board, in the vicinity of the Surrey Chapel, are said to be in the practice of——dangerous impositions on the public.

New music, just published, by G—&, D—E, and Co. of Soho-square, in honor of the royal nuptials——the Cobourg sausage.

Lost, stolen, or strayed——a plan for a reform of parliamentary representation.

Richards's portable ginger-beer powders are most strongly recommended——to all gentlemen, who experience irritation in shaving.

Baldness, in early life, is certainly a very serious misfortune to——ladies, who may stand in need of temporary retirement.

Waste-paper sold, at three halfpence per pound, by——the different editors of Lord Byron's last poems.

To be viewed on Tuesdays and Saturdays, from two till five——Lieutenant-General Ziethen, Commander of the Prussian troops in France.

The King of Wurtemberg has summoned an assembly of the states to——a new hoax.

Æconomical fuel——the works of Walter Scott, Esq.

A dashing female has lately made her appearance in the metropolis, and——may be had at all the principal perfumers, at the west end of the town.

The Solicitor-General has named——Thomas Colley, the pedestrian, to perform one thousand and twenty miles, in twenty days.

Grown-up gentlemen taught to dance——at Polito's Menagerie of Wild Beasts, over Exeter Change.

His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, acting in the name and on behalf of his Majesty, has——lately imported from the Continent some prime Russian and Polish bears.

On the arrival of Mr. Canning, from his extraordinary diplomatic mission——Shakspeare's comedy of *Much ado about Nothing* will be put into immediate rehearsal.

It was lately remarked in the House, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that——when rogues fall out, honest men obtain their own.

Last week a cabinet council was held, which sat three hours on——King Joachim's plush breeches.

The speeches of a certain noble Viscount and Secretary of State are said to——produce a greater quantity of lather than any other shaving soap or paste yet offered to public patronage.

CHRONICLE OF THE PARISIAN THEATRES.

THE *Hamlet*, lately performed at the Vaudeville, does not attract quite such full houses, as the *Hamlet* of the Porte St. Martin. This travestie kind of performance is not good. The Parisians are fond of every thing epigrammatic; but there *are* epigrams, which yet are wanting in point; and in this pantomime of *Hamlet* there is no great abundance of wit: the whole work is, on the contrary, too long and tiresome.

A ballet, composed by M. Henri, has met with great success at the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, called the *Rose Tree*. The story is simple but not new, and owes all its celebrity to the merit of the dancers. Madam Querian, in the character of a country girl, is enchanting.

Talma goes from Rouen to Nantes, in which city he will go through all his best characters.

The marble bust of the late celebrated Ducis, who contributed so much to the Theatre Français, by his own dramatic talents and his translations from Shakespeare, is just finished by the famous sculptor Gerard, and presented by him to the *Theatre Français*; which theatre has several new pieces in rehearsal.

A violent dispute has arisen at the Royal Academy of Music, and the number of persons concerned renders it very difficult to bring it to a termination. Ten authors have all written on the same subject, namely, on the marriage of the Duke of *Berry*. M. Viellard composed an opera, entitled *Robert and Beatrice of Bourbon*. The piece was most favorably received. Two other writers have brought forward an opera, entitled "*Louis IX. at Pharescour; or, France delivered.*" This piece met with great success; the music is by Spontini. Not content with all this *Bourbonic* adulation, a third author has produced an opera, entitled "*The Captivity and Deliverance of St. Louis,*" and then came seven more. But when we say these operas have been favourably received, we mean by the managers: as, however, they found they could only

present one to the public, all the former ones have been most unfavourably returned; which has caused the most violent agitations and invectives from the disappointed authors. And what is still more aggravating, each had read his work to his cotemporary: and as ill humour is very apt to produce injustice, each accuses the other of plagiarism.

Mademoiselle Duchesnois, something like *our* Melpomene, (who for four or five years gave out that it was positively the last season of her performing) has informed the Parisians, through the managers and actors of the *Theatre Français*, that she is about to retire from the stage; but as a consolation to her numerous admirers, her theatrical retirement will not take place, we believe, till the latter end of the year 1817.

We wish Monsieur Perlet, who was engaged to appear at the *Theatre Français*, on the 1st of April, would have fulfilled his engagement. He continues to perform here, and has written to the committee to ask two month's leave of absence. He is well served, for he may rest assured he will verify the old proverb, and fall to the ground. We want no French performers in London, and we have authentic intelligence that he has lost his engagement at the *Theatre Français*—When, when will John Bull be wise? Perlet, no doubt, finds his account in remaining here.

At the Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, the *magic* piece of the *Union des Lys* seems likely to *enchant* a very numerous audience. The decorations are splendid, and its name sufficiently bespeaks its theme, which is the marriage of the Duke of Berri. All these local subjects require much merit in the compilation, to indemnify managers for the great expence they must necessarily be at, to attract a full audience to a subject, which the Parisians, like the Londoners, are too apt, if popular, to wear threadbare.

During the Easter recess, the Theatre des Variétés received great embellishments, and has added some fine lustres to the chandeliers. This is an homage which they

certainly owed to this *enlightened* age; it was formerly "darkness visible," in more ways than one at this theatre; and they do right, as far as in them lies, to throw a *lustre* on *obscurity*.

There has lately appeared on the stage at Rouen, a new actress, who fills the character of a chambermaid in the happiest manner: her name is Mademoiselle Clairet.

Mademoiselle Devin, who has long been the delight of the Nantes' stage, is engaged at the Theatre Français. Some new engagements have also been made with two or three good actors, formerly of the Lyons Theatre, at the Feydeau and the Opera-House: where, Heaven knows, there are now many performers hardly fit to play in a provincial town!

At the Odeon Theatre, there is newly engaged a very good actor from Rennes, and two excellent actresses from Mons, Mademoiselle Miede, and Mademoiselle Theodore. The former plays the part of a tender mistress, the latter is charming, in that of a chambermaid.

Morel is going to Strasburg, where he proposes to enact those characters performed by Michot, at the Theatre Français.

After thirty years of the most brilliant services, Madame Gardel is about to retire from the opera. She took her final leave of the stage the 30th of April.

Desperamons has quitted the Rouen theatre, and has departed to Strasburgh, to fill up those characters formerly enacted by Martin. He has an excellent voice, and as his manner of singing is particularly adapted to the Theatre Feydeau, we would advise him to return there. His absence has left a vacuum at that theatre, which we despair of seeing adequately filled up.

The manager of the Vaudeville thinks he has now made a bold stroke to draw together a crowded audience. He employs the same means, which have so often proved successful at the Theatre des Variétés, which consist in bringing forward, in a continued succession, the most gay and witty novelties. The last new piece performed

at this theatre is entitled *Monsieur Sans-Gêne*. The principal character by that inimitable actor, (in his peculiar style) Joly.

We have, in a preceding number, taken notice of the new *heroic* play, about to be performed at the theatre Français, entitled *Alexander and Apelles*. Tragedy has seldom called up the great from their silent abodes, except to kill them again by poison, or poignard. Plutarch as Madame de Sevigné justly remarks, has drawn all his heroes, *en robe de chambre*, and by thus domiciliating them to our view, has only rendered them the more interesting. On the other hand, the drama does not always present them under this familiar point of view: the stage and the closet do not exactly accord; at the theatre we must always weep or laugh with the multitude. An author, therefore, ought to be endowed with superior talents, to discern what is really *heroic*, and he is circumscribed, in a manner, either to make his subjects too much out of nature, or too closely approximating to vulgar life.

College pedants are apt to call Alexander by the title of a brigand, and Boileau himself seems to think him only fit for Bedlam. Notwithstanding many grave historians choose to give him the surname of *Great*; and which, in many respects, we think he merited, since he was not only an invincible but a prudent warrior, and not less actuated by glory, than by the wish of civilizing the nations whom he subjugated. His mind was imbued with every fine and noble principle, and the pupil of Aristotle would have distinguished himself, had he been born in the most obscure situation.

Alexander, in this new drama, is supposed to be at peace, and to be solacing himself with the encouragement of the fine arts. He has invited the famous painter, Apelles, to his court, and wishes the beauties of his captive, Campaspe, with whom the conqueror of the world is enamoured, to be perpetuated on canvas. Apelles cannot contemplate, unmoved, so charming an original;

but he combats his duty to his king against his inclinations, and flatters himself that no mortal eye can see the agitation to which he is a prey. A child, however, perceives it. Eudore, his pupil, is drawing a subject of Apollo pursuing Daphne. Apelles finds fault with this sketch, and thinks the god has not sufficient ardor. Eudore, at fourteen years of age, apologizes for not expressing a sentiment, of which he is yet ignorant. But, on reflection, he thinks he cannot do better than to copy faithfully all that he has observed lately in the features and countenance of his master. Apelles is terrified, becomes seriously displeased, and Campaspe enters for a second sitting.

The artist places her, and puts her in that attitude which he thinks most conformable to set off her beauty. He asks her, in trembling accents and with a faltering voice, to fix her eyes on him: both the painter and his subject experience an indefinable sensation. Apelles descants on the happiness of a woman, who can hold captive the conqueror of the world! Campaspe stammers out a reply, intimating that *he* alone is happy, who inspires the object of his love with mutual affection. Delighted with the idea that Alexander is not beloved, Apelles is emboldened to enquire, whether this prince has not some secret rival? Campaspe, ready to betray herself, averts her eyes from the man, who she finds has too great an ascendant over her, and suddenly quits the apartment. Vexed at her departure, Apelles perceives that the young Eudore is employed in giving to his Apollo all the expression he beholds on the countenance of his master. Grief sometimes makes him, who is its prey, unjust; Apelles drives the boy out of his sight, and goes out himself, just as the king comes in.

He finds Eudore at the entrance, who shows the monarch, by way of explanation, the drawing, and wherein he had endeavoured to give to the lover of Daphne the same expression, he had observed on the countenance of his master. Alexander wants no farther explanation; he

becomes furious, to the great astonishment of Eudore, who innocently ask him, what harm there can be in loving Campaspe? Apelles now comes in, and Alexander questions him, not like a friend, but like a master, why this picture, on which he sets so great a value, is not finished? He then goes out, giving him notice that Campaspe is coming to sit for the last time. When Apelles again finds himself alone with her, he is no longer master of himself. Determined to quit his country, he is also resolved that she shall be acquainted with the state of his heart; he makes a declaration of his passion, and receives the mutual vows of Campaspe, while the painter throws himself at the feet of the beautiful captive. Alexander appears at this decisive moment: love, jealousy, revenge, greatness of mind and glory, produce in the breast of the conqueror the most violent conflict; at length the heroism of self-denial gains the victory, and he places her he adores in the arms of his rival.

The whole plan of this piece is very happily traced out. There is not a scene but what is replete with interest; the situations are striking, and the language animated; full of imagery, without being any way inflated. The piece was admirably performed, and obtained universal and merited applause.

Several people do not scruple to declare, that Madame Catalani will never play at any theatre, where she cannot reign super-eminent and alone. Madame Strine Sacchi is looked for with the utmost impatience, by the directors of the *Opera Italien*, the strength of which house is expected to be greater than any thing yet seen at Paris. If Madame Catalani should return, the Parisians declare it will be, what nothing in this world was ever yet pronounced—most perfect!

Antonin, and the other Opera-dancers, who went to Vienna, are now returned. Anatole and Mademoiselle Gosselin yet constitute the charm and delight of the Berlin theatre; and a correspondent from Prussia assures us, that there are no terms in language sufficiently for-

cible to express their high admiration of Mademoiselle Gosselin's talents.

Mesdames Moreau and Belmont are about to retire from the Theatre *Feydeau*. Madame Belmont, who never ought to have quitted the Theatre of the *Rue des Chartres*, cannot sing. She has a thorough knowledge of the stage, a fine figure, but no voice, not even in those songs which are composed purposely for her.

Talma is still at Nantes, where he has performed *Manlius* and *Coriolanus*, to the delight of crowded audiences. When the name of Talma is seen on the bills, the house generally overflows.

Sixteen new pieces were performed during the course of April, and yet, according to custom, not half of them have been successful. Of this number is the *Rossignol*, at the *Opera House*; *Apelles* and *Campaspe*, at the Theatre *Français*; *La Petite Guerre*, à l'*Odeon*; *Hamlet*, at the *Vaudeville*; the *Rose Tree*, at the *Porte St. Martin*; *Les Rivaux Impromptus*, at the *Variétés*; *Brelan de Gascons*, at the *Ambigu*; and *Maitre Frontin*, at *La Gaité*. It is remarkable that all these pieces are in one act, and yet *not one* of them are capable of filling a house. In general, the Parisian theatres have of late been much deserted, and they require more than ever something striking to bring together a tolerable audience. The *Feydeau*, which languishes, at least, as much as any of them, notwithstanding its new performers, hopes for a resurrection in the piece of *One for the Other*, an opera, in three acts. The *Road to Fontainebleau* has something of a run, at the *Odeon*. It is said to be written by Mr. George Duval, author of the pleasant little piece, entitled *A Day at Versailles*. This author is successful in every road he takes.

THE HAPPY WEDDING.

To the Editor of the SCOURGE.

SIR,

MY last communication was completely in the *Penso-roso* style. I then laboured under great anxiety and affliction, which literally weighed me down. My so ardently desired union with the beautiful Miss Tabitha Thorn, was not only deferred, as I informed you, to a distant and indefinite term, but was even doubtful; inasmuch as it depended equally upon the cure of my scars, and the celebration of the royal nuptials. At present both these obstacles are removed, and the case with me most happily reversed—I now tune the lyre to songs of joy. Tabitha, the dear, enchanting creature! is mine—indissolubly mine!

But let me proceed somewhat methodically in my narrative. You must know, Mr. Editor, that a few days after my unpleasant interview with Mrs. Thorn and her amiable daughter (in which the circumstance of my scarified visage, occasioned by my perilous adventure with the ugly, black tom-cat, as already related, involved me in such dire embarrassment and disgrace) notice was given in the public prints, that the marriage of the Princess of Wales with his serene highness the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, was definitively fixed for Thursday, the second of May. No sooner was this auspicious event announced, than I received an invitation from Mrs. Thorn to favour her with a call.

The reader will easily believe that I did not give the good old lady the trouble of repeating her summons. Not only had I been careful to procure vouchers to the truth of my adventure with the tom-cat, but I had likewise busily profited of the intermediate days, since my last interview, to repair the disgraces of my mutilated visage, for which purpose I scarcely suffered an hour to elapse, without bathing my face profusely with the most celebrated washes and cosmetics; in particular, I

made use of a decoction composed of *Macassar Oil*, boiled with a pint of the new nostrum, advertized under the title of *Lac Elephantis*. The effect was truly astonishing—I was enabled to present myself before my charmer, in a state of complete regeneration.

I shall not trespass upon your valuable pages, Mr. Editor, by entering into a superfluous detail; suffice it therefore to observe, that Thursday morning, May 2d, was the day appointed for my union with the lovely Tabitha. In grateful remembrance of the pleasure we had mutually experienced, in the course of our retired walk, the preceding spring, in the fields adjoining to Copenhagen-house, the parish church of St. Pancras was fixed upon for the celebration of the nuptial rites. In consequence of this arrangement, Tabitha and myself added one more to the list of *seven hundred couple*, who engaged in the holy state of matrimony on the same day, although not the same hour, with the royal pair.

From the altar, we adjourned to Copenhagen-house, where we regaled ourselves with some very choice refreshments. In honour of the illustrious Prince, who has deigned to come from foreign parts, in order to improve the royal breed of these realms, I had taken especial care to provide myself with an ample supply of the celebrated *Cobourg Sausage*, of which Tabitha partook with great relish, pronouncing it to be truly delicious. Her mother joined in this encomium, and frequently expressed her hope, that the events of this day would prove auspicious; to which prayer we both (as on a former occasion) devoutly ejaculated "*Amen.*"

At length then, Tabitha is mine—What a happy period is the *honey-moon*! Every moment seems to bring with it increase of bliss, of pleasure, and of heart-felt delight! What can equal the enjoyment of clasping to your breast the object of your fondest hopes and wishes?—to enfold in your arms, what you prize more than all the universe? No longer do I now complain, as in my last, Mr. Editor, that I am estranged from happiness; that the cup of

pleasure is rudely dashed from my lip, and interdicted to my taste. Oh no! our sum of happiness is now complete; and, however certain persons may feel disposed to smile at the assertion, both Tabitha and myself feel firmly persuaded, that the expiration of the *honey-moon* will not be productive of any abatement in our mutual attachment, any diminution of our joys.—On the contrary, we look forward, with hope the most confident and sanguine, to an increase of rapture, to new inlets of pleasure and conscious satisfaction. At all events, it shall not be want of good-will, on the part of either of us, if our union be not attended with as happy results, as the nation so ardently wishes and anticipates from the royal nuptials. And although it has been justly observed, by the author of the tragedy of Cato:

“’Tis not in mortals to *command* success;”

yet, be assured, Mr. Editor, that both Tabitha and myself will at least exert our best endeavours, to “*deserve it*.”

Such is the present happy state, and frame of mind, of, Mr. Editor,

Your obliged and humble Servant,

TIMOTHY PLUMB.

Hatton Garden, 13th May, 1816.

THE PORTER POT.

(*Parodied from Mr. Southey's Poem of the Holly Tree.*)

O READER ! hast thou ever seen, or not,

A PORTER POT ?

The eye that contemplates it, is full loth

To quit its froth,

Temper'd by ev'ry Publican that's wise,

With drugs pernicious, high to make it rise.

Below tobacco juice and Spanish meet ;

Bitter and sweet !

No swilling drover, in his weary round,

This cheat has found,

But, as he drinks, he trusts has nought to fear,
Except an increase in the price of beer.

He dives not in such things, with curious eyes,
To moralize ;
Nor yet has from the foaming PORTER POT
A lesson got,
But in his bev'rage throws a dram of liquor,
Hoping, by mixture, to get drunk the quicker.

So, though I wish to make myself appear
Grave, wise, austere,
To meddling folk, who would investigate
My empty pate ;
Yet, all my friends well know, wise I am not :
But like the froth upon A PORTER POT.

And should my *pride*, (as *pride* is apt, I know)
Its workings show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away ;
Till, the true picture of a harden'd sot,
I end, like froth upon THE PORTER POT.

And though good home-brew'd beer is ever seen,
So bright and keen,
Whilst porter's dregs display their muddy hue,
To public view,
Yet, when for fourpence half-penny 'tis got,
What then more cheerful than a PORTER POT ?

So solemn should my lyre be tun'd among
The sons of song ;
So would I seem, amongst each rhymers gay,
More grave than they ;
And fame, most gloomy, still should be my lot,
Like *Indian berries*,* in THE PORTER POT.

KEHAMA.

* The *Coculus Indicus* is a principal ingredient in the composition of porter ; producing stupidity, and bewildering the brain, much in the same manner, and to the same extent, as some of Mr. SOUTHEY'S gloomy and incomprehensible poetry.

UTOPIAN DIARY.

 RULES AND REGULATIONS, ADOPTED BY THE SOCIETY
 FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.

Resolved unanimously—Every old woman selling an half-penny worth of apples, before the fashionable chapels may be closed, after divine service, to have her tand seized, and the fruit to be confiscated for the use of the members of the society, if worthy of their acceptance. This law to extend with the utmost rigour to those apple-women, who have large families, as it is their duty to be particularly careful not to set a vicious example.

If a workman should be paid, at so late an hour, on Saturday night, for his week's labour, that, on his return home, he finds the butchers' shops shut, and not wishing to fast on Sunday, should dare to go on the sabbath, to buy what he had no money to purchase before, he shall, in consideration of the delay of his employers in paying him, only be punished by going without his Sunday's dinner. But the butcher, who impiously profanes the Lord's day, by administering to the wants of the necessitous, shall be fined fifty pounds, particularly if the said butcher be poor; for in such a one it is unpardonable insolence and defiance of the laws. Very opulent butchers, however, who trade on Sunday, merely to oblige the nobility, on their sudden arrival in town, may claim an exemption from this rule.

If a publican, during divine service, sells a drop of spirits to any poor creature that is fainting, he shall forfeit his licence.

If any of the poorer sort are found singing, or playing at cards on Sunday evening, they shall be punished with the utmost severity.

But, though the members of this society have, in their wise considerations, adopted and furthermore resolve to put in practice the above wholesome rules and regulations, yet, true to that liberality of sentiment, which is ever the concomitant of real virtue, they are willing to

allow every indulgence in their power to the want and wishes of the rich and great. They have herefore resolved to accord to them the following limited indulgences, on the great day of repose, and to make it also to them, as much as possible, a day of festivity. It is, in consequence,

Resolved unanimously, that all confectioners, pastry-cooks, fishmongers, &c. &c. &c. shall be employed in the service of the nobility and wealthy gentry, either in, or out of the time of divine service, on Sundays—Provided always, that the said pastry-cooks, confectioners, fishmongers, &c. &c. &c. keep all their active and laborious employments secret till after divine service is ended. This indulgence will materially aid the cause of beneficence, as all trades-people so employed are authorized in charging double prices, or, if convenient, and without fear of detection, an hundred per cent. profit on every article. Such has been the great liberality of this society towards the *select company of the bakers*; who shall, by no means, keep any dinner in their shops on the Lord's day longer than one o'clock; yet for every joint or scrap of meat cooked in their ovens, they shall be sure to charge two pence, and insist on its being paid before-hand, leaving those who send meat to be baked at liberty to have their meat sodden, or dried up to a chip, as the heat or slowness of the oven may effect. The journeymen are likewise recommended to take care to slip out, for their own use, the daintiest pieces, and to be sure also not to eat their savoury pieces without vegetables, as that is unwholesome. By purloining a couple of potatoes from every dish, they may have sufficient of this nutritive vegetable to make a large plate full for themselves and families, without any injury to their toiling brethren. For, as it has been observed by high authority, *the labourer is worthy of his hire*.

If any poor pregnant female should long for pig, goose, or duck, and not being able to purchase it herself, should prevail on some kind neighbour to go halves with her,

every baker is ordered, in such case, to charge sixpence for baking the said half pig, half goose, or half duck. If *poor* people have dainties baked, they must pay for them, and longing, in *poor* women, deserves punishment.

Far be it from the society to deprive the rich of those benefits, to which they are legitimately entitled. For this reason, whether they pay or not, the wine-merchant is permitted to send hampers of Champaign, Tokay, Curaçoa, &c. &c. even during the time of divine service, to any lady of quality, if fancy, during the trying hour of early pregnancy, should point particularly towards any of the above mentioned wines, and her butler through shameful neglect, or justifiable appropriation to his own use, should have suffered the cellar to become void and destitute of these absolute necessities of life. On the same principle, should any antiquated virgin of rank, lately married, only *imagine* herself in the way to become a mother, every wine-merchant is expressly ordered to satisfy these imperious cravings of nature.

And, though the licence of singing any theatrical compositions is carefully withheld from the poor, on the Lord's day, yet such day being found extremely long and wearisome to the rich, without some innocent recreation, the society allows them to have Sunday concerts, and furthermore allows* the singers and musicians of the Opera House, to rehearse privately on the Sabbath at the said theatre, as, otherwise, perhaps, they might be guilty of a sin, yet more heinous than sabbath-breaking—by wounding the nice ears of the noble amateur with a false cadence!

At the Sunday Concerts of the nobility, only sacred music is to be performed—such as Dryden's Ode, (the part of "the prince unable to conceal his pain," &c. to be sung, with three times three, during the first six Sundays, after the marriage of the Royal Lovers.) The songs in *Acis and Galatea*,—"Fill high the sparkling bowl."

* A well known fact in Utopia.

"*Mad Bess*"—" *Mad Tom*,"—*Cease your funning*," *Miss Kelly's Escape*, &c. are allowed to be danced, in thanksgiving for the preservation of the life of a fellow-creature, and * CORPORAL VIOLETTE, as we have conquered the Corsican.—David *danced* before the ark.

And though the society cannot possibly tolerate the *public* use of cards on this sacred day, yet the nobility and rich gentry may rest assured, that special care will be taken, that the spies of this excellent and truly moral society shall not molest *them*. Every public indulgence will also be given to any species of childish and innocent diversion, such as chess, domino, and the *royal* game of *goose*!

MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.

On Thursday, May 2d, was married Miss M'GULF to the Sieur VON KROUT. As soon as the ceremony was performed, the grandmother of the bride, the father, the bride and bridegroom, with the rest of the family, slipped into the closet, where they all partook of a snug dram of cherry brandy.

Miss M'GULF was so boisterous in her joy, and gave the responses in such a loud and shrill voice, that she actually abashed the *poor* bridegroom. On quitting the altar, she flew up to her grandmother, saying, "dear granny, just wipe the snuff off your upper lip, and give me a buss." She then ran and kissed all her aunts, and shook her uncles by the hand; and slipping her arm through her husband's, we are enabled to lay before our readers the *highly important intelligence*, that the bride and bridegroom walked off, "arm in arm!"

It is confidently asserted that this highly accomplished gentleman, belonging to the ancient and illustrious house of VON KROUT, can repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments; the following he can read, without spelling, "Thou shalt have none other Gods but me."

* *Vide* New Country dances.

The *Sieur Von KROUT* bowed and smiled, and looked very much pleased at the concourse of people assembled to witness his wedding. He was dressed in a blue coat in the morning, and was so delighted at having a carriage of his own, that he mounted the back of an old hack horse, and rode round and round the coachmaker's to look at it above twenty times, the day before he was married.

Miss *M'GULF* was, she declared, so *warm*, that she put down all the windows of her carriage, and showed herself to all the people, in the most gracious manner.

SEIZURE OF SMUGGLED GOODS.

A paper parcel, containing twelve pair of silk stockings, for a caper-master.

An old shot box, with thirty-three pair of gloves, to prevent the infection of the *Scotch fiddle*.

A case, containing a gold mosaic necklace and a pair of bracelets, for a *clergyman* !!!

Seventeen coloured prints to the great ordnance depot !!!

Seventeen pair of coloured gloves to a *commissary*, possessed of the peculiar virtue of concealing all cash-fingering, store-handling, or appropriation, &c. &c. &c. a quantity of catalogues of living authors, bound *in calf*.

One box, with one hundred and nineteen pair of leather gloves, to a *Baronet* — on speculation.

One case, directed "Battalion Stores, Royal Artillery, W—," containing the invulnerable armor of fifty-seven pair of leather gloves.

Three pictures framed; 26 small prints, 2 bound books, 2 unbound books, sundry unbound music and books, for the *son of an archbishop* !!!

Six bottles of Cologne water, to wash and perfume a *gentleman* !!!

One ancient rifle gun, for a *commissary*—to shoot himself with, on detection.

One parcel—directed "royal articles"—a foreign dress sword, for a *subaltern* officer, particularly useful, when such articles are only worn at court.

N. B. These are unlucky fellows ; as the people of Utopia cannot be compelled to that silence on their account, which either has been *purchased* or *insured*, in the case of *two highly distinguished* culprits.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

Monday. Arrived the *Punch Bowl*, in distress, bound to B—n, laden with rum.

Tuesday. Arrived the *Union*, C—h, driven from the coast of Ireland, laden with lumber ; supposed contraband.

Wednesday. The *Anti-Absentee*, Capt. Bulky, bound to Calais with taxed passports.

Thursday. Sailed the *Pug*, Dutch bottom, laden with cheese, tallow, and a portion of malt ; gone out with a roving commission.

Friday. Arrived the Old *Mecklenburg*, Capt. Queen, laden with snuff.

Sunday and Monday, (*wind variable*.) Arrived the *Prince Regent*, put under quarantine. The *Bee*, Capt. Bull ; the *Messalina*, H—rtf—d.

Tuesday, (*wind variable*.) Arrived the *Redpole*, Capt. Yarmouth. Sailed the *Austrian*.

Wednesday. The ship *Regret*, Capt. Van, commander, to discharge her cargo, belonging to the collectors of the late Income Tax.

Thursday. Sailed, on a short cruize, the *Steady*, Brougham ; sailed the *Princess Charlotte* packet, in company with the *Cobourg*, on a farewell voyage to *Virginia*.

Friday. Arrived the *Saxe-Cobourg* packet, from NEW-FOUNDLAND ; the *Frederic*, Capt. York, from Porto, laden with wine, spoke the *Calypso*, Carey, outward bound. Arrived the *Wasp*, Cumberland, with the ship *Widow*, in tow, dismasted and deserted by his crew. Sailed the *Smuggler*, for Liverpool, Capt. C—h.

Arrived the *Commerce*, leaky, and in great distress laden with paper ; put into dock for a time.

The following ships are put up for sale, as being no longer fit for use. The *Tisiphone*, Capt. Jersey ; the *Porpoise*, Sussex ; the *Rosary*, Fitz—t ; the *Melpomene*, Siddons.

The *Carey*, converted into a *prison* ship, according to the *old rules*; now lying in M—l—na harbour, visited frequently by Capt. York, who is appointed Inspecting Officer. The *Mary Thornberry*, Gibbs, lying in the same harbour, to be a guard-ship; Inspecting Officer—Lieutenant Colman.

Arrived the *Prince of Orange* packet, from a cruise off St. Ann's Island; voyage prosperous, and weather serene.

Sailed the *Disappointment*, on a look-out, Capt. Bull.

The *Mary-Anne Clarke*, on a farewell voyage to the Cape of Good Hope—timbers getting old, and not likely to weather another voyage to the Gold coast.

GUSTONIAN MEDICINES

CASE LXXXV.

To Baron Von Gusto, Whirlwind Road.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I contemplate the cures performed by your invaluable medicines, I feel an ardent desire to make every one as great a humbug, as I have been myself. In the year 1806, I found myself under the awkward necessity of parting with my own leg, which God had given me, for one made by a carpenter. In this extremity, I applied to the celebrated Astley Cooper; why, L—d bless your honor! he's nobody after all. He could not make my wooden-leg a natural one, composed of flesh, bones, and sinews. Would you believe it, Sir, he had the impudence to assure me that mine was an incurable case? So I threw my wooden-leg at him, and told him to take it for his pains. He replied that if I went without it, it might be the death of me; but I would have nothing more to do with him, and my brother having been guillotined in France, and hearing that you undertook to put men's heads again on their shoulders; though you could not, I knew, do any thing for my poor old brother, who was thrown into quick lime, and most likely has had a royal funeral, instead of Louis XVI. I yet thought, as I was

alive, you very probably could give me another leg; which, thanks to your invaluable pills and lotion, I found growing directly the same size as the other, after only using them once. I immediately threw my crutches at the head of the first eminent surgeon I met, and broke my stick across the back of the next. My wife gets more money a day, by showing me, than all the exhibition of lions and monkies over Exeter Change, the carriage of Buonaparte, his picture by Le Fevre, or the Bazaars receive in one week. Therefore I am never likely to forget this cure as long as I live, for I can now afford to take my gallon of gin every day.

BILLY NOODLE.

UNIVERSAL ECONOMY,
EXEMPLIFIED IN THE PATENT IMPROVED REGISTER
STOVE.

As ministers, to save the great and *requisite* expences of the nation, are now most *meritoriously* employed in diminishing the number of those poor, subordinate wretches, who know not how to earn their daily bread, the inventor of the improved patent register stove has found out an happy expedient to discharge all the labourers in coal mines, coal quarries, coal barges, lighters, wharfs, &c. &c. &c. by an invention, which * *consumes its own smoke, and supplies itself with coals!!!* By only raising it with the poker, they will drop into the fire at pleasure. And, what is not the least remarkable, the less fuel there is in these admirable stoves, the more heat they give; and the *open* appearance of the stove is clear, and cheerful, having nothing at the bottom, the sides, or any other part thereof.

DICKY AND DONKEY,
LIE-GATE.

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

SUBLIME TURKISH PASTE, AND CIRCASSIAN POWDER.

Well do these unique appendages to the toilette merit the appellation of *sublime*; indeed, *supernatural*

* Verbatim.

would have been a more appropriate term, inasmuch as it is well known, that though these wonderful articles are in general use amongst the ladies of the Ottoman Porte, yet there are very few Turkish or Circassian ladies, but what have brown or yellow looking skins. Nevertheless, let any dusky-looking, thick-skinned Englishwoman make use of these admirable cosmetics, and she will become in an instant as fair as the lily of the garden. So likewise the roughest skin will instantly assume the most fine, delicate, and satin-like texture. Let it be particularly understood, that neither the Turkish paste nor Circassian powders have any claim to any Turkish or Circassian origin, in their manufacture. No, they are fabricated only in Utopia by one, who chooses at present to conceal his name. They may be had, however, at the very low rate of ten shillings and sixpence the pot, or in packets of two shillings and sixpence, by every vender of quack medicine or perfumery, in the kingdom.

N. B. Not less than eight dollars will be received, in payment for the above articles. Gold, in any shape.

TASTE IN HIGH LIFE.

We are assured that Mr. BULL, who lately was prevailed upon to give a very handsome fortune with one of his fair *protégées*, in marriage, is, notwithstanding his known plain dealing, extremely shocked at the vulgarity of her taste. He is particularly at a loss to ascertain, whether it be owing to an inherent avarice, (which he is much afraid it is) or to a rustic awkwardness, to which she has ever been addicted; but she actually ordered a wedding ring, which a fishwoman would have been ashamed of wearing; for it looks more like a thick brass ring for a bed or window-curtain, than any thing else. The said lady, moreover, flounced and bounced most indecently about an estate, which Mr. Bull generously meant to give her husband, but which she refused, saying, "as how, she could not, nor ever would abide such a nasty name."

FINE ARTS.

PAINTINGS OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

Lot, and his two Daughters. It was with more than ordinary satisfaction, that we contemplated this truly chaste and elegant picture. The venerable patriarch is represented in the last stage of intoxication, and the two young ladies appear in the act of divesting themselves of their superfluous drapery. This idea is most happily imagined. Indeed the whole of the figure of the youngest daughter is extremely *modest, delicate, and pleasing*; but we cannot award the same unqualified praise to the eldest sister. The colouring is entitled to the highest commendation—the grass is a beautiful blue, and the sky, being green and purple, produces a fine and novel effect. According to the principles of the new school, the fore-ground of the picture is light; the middle black, (to heighten the contrast) and the back ground a deep scarlet.

The Billingsgate Corrected. This picture represents a quarrel between a fish-woman and a waterman, who is belabouring her back with his oar. There is considerable execution in this piece, and it is but justice to add, that the fair artist, (a lady well-known in the fashionable circles) has not been sparing of her colours. The red on the fish-woman's face is so profusely laid on, that it is nearly three inches in prominence, above the surface of the canvas. But this is not considered as a fault by the followers of the new school. We would advise this lady, however, not to overstep the modesty of nature, and above all most seriously recommend her, to choose more delicate subjects for her pencil. We recollect seeing a picture by the same lady, last year, the subject of which was *men and boys bathing in the Thames*.

The Prodigal Son, eating husks with Swine. This is a picture of superior merit. The reduced spendthrift retains, even in the very extreme of misery, that bloatedness of appearance, to which his lewd and extravagant

courses had given rise. His tattered garments still bespeak their pristine costliness, and the eagerness with which he eyes the wretched fare, which he is now compelled to share with the grunting race, embodies the idea of starvation. Tears are seen trickling down each cheek, elicited by the painful contrast between his present and his former state. This picture is the production of Mr. B——m, and is said to have been painted, at the express desire of a certain illustrious personage.

Pandemonium—(a scene from Milton) by the Right Hon. Lord C——h. This is an exquisite performance. Notwithstanding the vast number of persons introduced, the portraits are all most striking likenesses. His lordship himself appears in the character of *Beelzebub*—*Moloch* is represented by Lord P——n; *Mammon* by Mr. V——t, and *Belial* by the honorable ***—***.

Messalina.—(By the C—ss H—t—d.) A most spirited full-length, embodying in the happiest manner imaginable the idea so forcibly conveyed by the Roman satirist :

“Lassata quidem, sed non satiata, recessit.”

In the back-ground is seen Vulcan, forging invulnerable armour for the son of Thetis.

LA BAGATELLE ;

OR,

THE TRIFLER'S MUSEUM.

Containing Select Anecdotes, Jeux d'Esprit, &c.

VOLTAIRE, who was himself a prodigious retailer of anecdotes, after having exclaimed against almost all that are to be found in our histories, in compilations, or which have been related by different travellers, used to finish by declaring that the English, on this head, were worse than the French. A French writer, however, of the present day, does not scruple to affirm, that we are

superb in this article, and that the originality of anecdotes and *jeux d'esprit*, which take place in England and Ireland, is *piquant* in the extreme; nay more, that they even become insipid, when related in any other language.

We trust that a few of these light anecdotes, which, from the circumstance of their not being generally published, claim a title to originality, as well as to authenticity, may not be unacceptable to our readers, whose various tastes it will ever be our ambition to gratify, to the utmost of our power.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

One Thomas Williams, having separated from his wife, put an advertisement in a daily paper, assuring every one who trusted her, that he would not be answerable for any debts she might contract. On the next day was seen an advertisement, signed Mary Williams, to the following effect:

"Thomas Williams might have spared himself the trouble and expence of inserting his advertisement in yesterday's paper, as it is not to be expected, that any one will give me credit on his account. The said Thomas Williams being notorious for never paying his *own* debts, it is not likely he will pay any that I may chance to contract.

(Signed)

MARY WILLIAMS."

GEORGE I. AND THE INHABITANTS OF COVENTRY.

George I. made a grant to the town of Coventry of a considerable sum, to repair the Town Hall. On the completion of the edifice, the date was put on the inscription, according to the usual forms; *Anno Domini*, &c. The mayor, on seeing these Latin words, immediately exclaimed against them, declaring that instead of *Anno Domini*, it ought to be *Georgio Domini*; not only because Queen Anne was no more, but as it was through the bounty of King George, that they had been enabled to rebuild the Town Hall.

THE INVISIBLE AND INCOMPREHENSIBLE PREACHER.

A prolix and tiresome preacher was accustomed to

hold forth every Sunday, while every other day in the week he used to keep himself concealed, to evade the pursuit of his creditors. "This man,"—said a wag, "is invisible, six days in a week, and incomprehensible, on the seventh."

ANECDOTE OF THE MARQUIS OF H—D.

One day, as the Marquis of L—n was adjusting his wig before a glass, in the apartment of a very great lady, the Marquis of H—d, who was often pointed out for the gallantry of his wife, made a pair of horns with his fingers over L—n's head, as he stood behind him. This manœuvre did not escape the notice of L—n, who went up to the Countess of J—, and said to her, "only see the impudence of the Marquis of H—d: he showed what he had got, in the apartment of the P—ss, and before her ladies!"

THE FRENCH LUCULLUS.

The celebrated epicure Camerani died last week at Paris, at the advanced age of fourscore and three years. In 1767 he made his debut at the Italian opera, where he performed *Scapin*, in company with the celebrated Carlin. He was never very eminent, as an actor, for which reason he quitted the stage at an early period, and assisted as manager of the concern. For twenty-five years, he was known as a weekly spectator at the Opera Comique. He possessed more cunning than sense, and a number of his sayings are cited and laughed at, as original. One of his comrades in tragedy, was saying to him one day, that he had some happy *moments*, in such and such characters. "It is true," replied Camerani, "but you must acknowledge that you have also some miserable *half-hours*." This man was a noted epicure, and the gastronomists will never forget, that it is to him they are indebted for the invention of a soup, as dear as it is succulent, and which yet bears his name. During the last years of his life, Camerani's thoughts were all engrossed by the pleasures of the table. A piece appeared at the

Theatre des Varietés, entitled *The Sturgeon*, which was highly relished by the Parisians. "That does not surprise me,"—said Camerani,—“for I have long maintained, that *Sturgeon is the king of fish.*”

THE BISHOP, AND THE ARCHBISHOP.

Two young scholars disputing about a *bishop* and an *archbishop*, their tutor informed them, that one meant a man of piety and learning, the other a man of family!"

COSTLY PRIVILEGE.

Montesquieu, the celebrated author of the "*Spirit of the Laws*," sojourned a considerable time at Rome. Previous to quitting this capital of the ancient world, he went to pay his court to the Pope, Benedict the XIV. His holiness received him in the most gracious manner, and as a proof of the high estimation in which he held him, addressed him in the following terms: "My dear president; before we part, I am desirous that you should receive some testimony of my regard. I grant, therefore, to you, your family, and heirs, permission to eat flesh on meagre days all your lives." Montesquieu returned befitting thanks to the Pope for this indulgence, and took his leave, but was closely followed by the bishop, attending as president of the Chancery Office, and who expedited the bulls of dispensation. The prelate presented him with a bill of expences, to an enormous amount, which were to be paid for this privilege. Montesquieu, alarmed at this exorbitant demand, requested the secretary to oblige him, by taking back the warrant, observing at the same time, "I am much obliged to his holiness for the favour he has been pleased to accord me, but the Pope is such an honest man, that I would rather trust to his word, than to any other security."

BEGGARLY PRIDE.

At Naples there recently lived a magistrate, who was a knight of the order of Malta, and who was of a character equally avaricious and luxurious. He was constantly attended by a great number of pages, but these pages had scarcely a shirt to their backs; the single one

belonging to each was literally falling to pieces. The poor pages represented their pitiable case to the magistrate, who, calling his major-domo into his presence, ordered him, in the presence of the complainants, immediately to write to the person who had the management of his estate, to sow a sufficient quantity of hemp to provide shirts in future for these gentlemen. The pages not being able to suppress their laughter, the magistrate exclaimed, "Only see these little vagabonds! they are not able to contain their joy at the idea of having a whole shirt to their backs!"

TAXATION.

Lady Carteret, wife to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, being in company with the English Rabelais, took occasion to compliment him on the salubrity of his native country: "How remarkably healthy and excellent," quoth her ladyship, "is the air of Ireland!" Swift immediately fell on his knees before her ladyship, saying, "For God's sake! my lady, do not say so in England; for if you do, they will certainly *tax* it."

 PLAYFUL PHILOSOPHER.

CHRISTMAS-EVE SERMON.

IN a former number, I have already had occasion to treat of the eccentric sermons of the Rev. J. Medley, who, from being boatswain to a man-of-war, turned Methodist preacher, and acquired no small celebrity among the godly frequenters of the Conventicle, at Liverpool, by his strange and whimsical flights. Preaching one Christmas-Eve on the nativity of Christ, he chose for his text the following passage, from the seventh verse of the second chapter of the gospel of St. Luke:

"And she brought forth her first-begotten son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."

Having read his text a second time, with a strong and

marked emphasis on the words, "*laid him in a manger,*" Mr. Medley thus addressed his congregation: "And mayhap, beloved brethren, ye little know, why our blessed Lord and Saviour was laid in a manger the very moment of his birth.—Why then, let me tell you. Jesus Christ came into the world, to save us from our sins. Now ye all know, where sin first began. Even in Paradise, in the garden of Eden, where our first parents Adam and Eve did eat of the forbidden tree. Now every tree is composed of *wood*, and forasmuch as sin made its entry into the world through *wood*, therefore was it decreed in the counsels of God, before the foundations of the earth were laid, that man's redemption should commence with *wood* also—Nay more, that the whole of the expiatory sufferings of the Redeemer should be connected with *wood*. Hence he is no sooner born, than he is laid in a hard *wooden* manger—hence, likewise, his father was a carpenter, and Christ himself, we are expressly told, worked at the same trade. How often must he have hurt his dear hands at this rough employment! Hence, likewise, when he was tempted by the devil, he was carried into the wilderness, which of course abounded in trees, or in other words, in *wood*. Hence he sweated bloody sweat, in the garden of Gethsemane, a place full of trees and plants. Hence also was he crowned with a crown of thorns, was scourged with rods, and finally nailed to the cross—all of them manufactured from *wood*. Thus ye see, beloved brethren, that if sin came into the world, through *wood*; through *wood* also came our redemption."

In this manner, Mr. Medley rang the changes on the word *wood*, till he had spun out his sermon to a suitable length, to the no small edification of his numerous hearers, who were all highly delighted with his ingenious discourse. The sermon being finished, Mr. Medley was invited to sup with one of the main pillars and supporters of the Conventicle, a merchant of great opulence. After the company had sufficiently partaken of the good things of this world, (for none love good cheer better

than the godly) and the cloth had been removed, the excellent sermon they had just heard, of course formed the topic of conversation over the wine. Every one was loud in its praise, with the exception of one of the guests, a young gentleman distantly related to the master of the house, but little known to the rest of the pious assembly. His silence and reserve attracted general notice, and caused him to be particularly called upon, to deliver his sentiments on the merits of the admirable sermon in question. For some time he endeavoured to decline the appeal, but being strongly pressed on all sides, he remarked, that certainly the reverend gentleman had displayed extraordinary ingenuity in his harangue; but that unfortunately he was most egregiously mistaken, with respect to the *materials* of which was composed the manger, in which Christ was laid, on his coming into the world. "How so?" eagerly demanded Mr. Medley—"How so?"—was re-echoed from every voice. "Because"—continued the young critic—"the mangers in Palestine, as in other Oriental countries, were a species of *stone* trough, and not made of *wood*: notwithstanding that the reverend gentleman has so clearly proved, that it was fore-ordained in the counsels of the Deity, before the foundations of the earth were laid, that Christ should on his birth be laid in a *wooden* manger, to expiate the sin of our first parents, committed by means of *wood*, even by eating of the fruit of the forbidden tree."

I leave my readers to picture to themselves the astonishment manifested as well by the learned preacher, as by his devout admirers, on hearing so unexpected a piece of intelligence. Mr. Medley would willingly have combated the young stranger's assertion; but being totally unversed in the knowledge of antiquity, or indeed in any other science, except that of impudent and boisterous declamation, he was reduced to silence, and the company shortly after broke up, no doubt to ruminate over the scene, which had just taken place, and console themselves for the discomfiture of their spiritual guide and leader,

by railing at the impiety and unbelief of his young adversary.

What a pity it is, that the cause of true godliness and religion should suffer more, through the intemperate zeal and ignorance of pretended friends and advocates, than from the direct attacks of their most bitter and inveterate opponents !

THE WEAKEST GOES TO THE WALL.

My uncle was a great admirer of proverbs and parables. To such a pitch, indeed, did he carry his enthusiasm in this respect, that his conversation, like that of Sancho Panca, was little better than a string of proverbs, interlarded with tropes and allegories. I one day desired him to give me an explanation of the well-known proverb, *the weakest goes to the wall*. "Why, look you, Benjamin," replied my uncle, "have you never noticed how a little dog acts, when he meets a big one? He draws himself together, hangs his tail, and nearly scrapes his skin off against the wall, in order that he may leave ample space for the other to pass."

TRIBUTE TO GENIUS.

I arrived from America, in company with an Hanoverian officer of great merit and literary talent. We landed at Portsmouth, and having relations in Dorsetshire, I requested the Major to favour me with his company, to which he politely agreed. The weather being extremely fine, we journied on horseback, the better to enjoy the prospect of the country. Riding along the fence of a nobleman's park in Wiltshire, we descried at a distance a magnificent monument of alabaster. The Major was an enthusiastic admirer of the English character. He spoke the language with fluency, and was well versed in our literature. On seeing the monument from afar, his imagination immediately suggested to him that this was some national tribute to departed genius. "Doubtless," he exclaimed, "this is an homage paid to the memory of some exalted character! some illustrious philosopher, and enlightener of the human race! Yes,

truly, the English are famous for the veneration they pay to great and meritorious men. This, no doubt, is a trophy erected in commemoration of a Locke, a Shaftesbury, a Bolingbroke, or some other constellation of the first magnitude, in the firmament of intellectual greatness."

We quickened our pace, eager to pay homage at the shrine of departed worth and genius. On approaching the mausoleum, the Major hastily dismounted to read the epitaph; but where shall I find language to describe his astonishment? He read, and read, and read again; indignation reddening in his face, when he discovered that this supposed tribute to departed genius, this costly mausoleum, was sacred and dedicated to the memory of the Earl of Abingdon's—*favourite bay horse!!!*

VAIN GLORY.

How natural is it to man to consider himself as the lord of the creation! When he views the starry constellation, that immense assemblage of habitable worlds, how does his heart expand with pride! All these luminaries (he exclaims) were created for my use! Nevertheless, the earth on which he vegetates moves, with the other planets, round the sun; and would continue its circumvolution, were the human race utterly extinct. Man himself, this vaunted lord of creation, ranks among the most defenceless of animals; he is, if left in a state of nature, preyed upon by vermin, whilst living, and devoured by reptiles after his death. On what a shallow basis then is human pride founded!

STROLLING ADVENTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SCOURGE.

SIR,

As you were kind enough to allow the *scene-shifter*, and the opera dancer's "*Son of many fathers*," to occupy some pages of your versatile and entertaining miscellany

I hope you will not deny a place to one, who is a strolling player by profession.

I am as old a veteran in this line as any one, who is now fortunate enough to be figuring away at the two grand theatres of Drury-lane and Covent-Garden. For these forty years past and upwards, I have been in the habit of wandering to and fro, from one country town to another, where I join in the chorus of a *finale* ; assist in a comic opera ; or play the part of a confidential friend in tragedy, where the miserable underling is obliged to stand like a fool, to hear the hero declaim on his adventures, in a speech of a page and a half in length, and tell his said confidential friend (for the good of the audience,) what—or the devil is in it—being so old a friend, he must have known long before. Then again, these heroes make at times such horrid grimaces, that I can with difficulty refrain from bursting out into a horse-laugh, and the contortions of the theatrical princesses are ten times worse.

I have just now quitted a company in which there was an old stage coquette, who shall be nameless, but you must remember her performance of the *Duenna* some time ago, in London. She was most amazingly fat, though she lived on nothing but vegetables and a-la-mode beef. The young country bumpkins were all delighted with the *graces* of this actress, and she brought a great deal of money to our manager. But, while he was living on the fat of the land, at the best inn in the town, we, poor devils, were glad to sleep two in a room, at a common pot-house ; and live on bread and cheese, with baked ox-cheek or shin of beef, twice a week, by way of a regale.

I am now on the point of entering into an engagement, in C—street, Dublin. This city is full of critics, the drama is admired, but few go to the theatre. This latter assertion will, no doubt, appear highly problematical and contradictory to most of your readers ; it is nevertheless the actual fact. The house is poorly fitted up, small, in-

commodious, uncomfortable, and will not hold above seven or eight hundred spectators. But what is that to us, poor players? When the manager himself can only drink his weak grog, instead of wine, a poor actor may think himself well off, if he can live on herring and potatoes. 'Tis downright folly to repine. Vapours and head-achs are reserved solely for the first-rate actors and actresses of the London theatres; whereas those attached to the strolling companies, have constitutions of iron, and faces of brass. Like the heroines of old, our ladies are seen seated on the car of triumph, over the armour and spoils of the conquerors. Hail, rain, sun, wind, day or night, have no influence on their corporeal frame, as they traverse the beaten path, or wander along the obscure bye-way. We, their knights, are bound, by all the laws of the drama, to protect them. Sometimes they are accompanied by a tribe of children, whom we take every pains to bring up in the *right way*. Our life is like that of the ancient patriarchs; we are pilgrims and wanderers, yet we support each other; and very often we have but *one purse* amongst the whole company, in which every one puts his hand, while there is any thing left in it, and when it is empty, the society is yet on the same amicable footing, and have the same fellow-feeling for each other. We all of us get in debt, we mourn over each other's misfortunes, and afford each other mutual comfort; we are, in a word, the first philosophers in the universe.

From Dublin, I propose to go to Cork, from thence to Bristol, and then to Bath, where talents are sure, I have heard, to be well appreciated. But they affect there, I am told, to engage nothing inferior to the *young Roscius*, and even presume to scoff at Kemble and Kean. I hope to be enabled, as soon as *I* am seen, to do away all these foolish prejudices. I shall display my best skill in the histrionic art: the theatre is a good one, and if much money cannot be gained therein, an actor of talents is always well received; and that is every thing.

I have an utter detestation to every thing that savours of *common-place*. A good actor should always aim at *originality*. Thus I always sound W like V, and A like H; and without vanity, let me add, that I have observed many ladies, on this very account, honor me with the significant *smile of approbation*. An S I always pronounce like Z, so that I prove myself to be a man who has travelled in distant countries, though I will not deny, but what this may be, in part, owing to my having been born in *Zomersetshire*. But I am one of the best-natured fellows in the world; for when I see them laughing, ready to expire, at my playing tragedy—by jingo! I laugh too, and both actor and audience are pleased. But when I quit the boards, and retiring to my humble dwelling, reflect that I have not enough to pay for my buskins; when I behold the hair on my Roman wig worn all off on one side, and my ruffles, in *Beau Clincher*, hang in slits over my knuckles, “I find I am no actor here,” for then I mourn indeed. As for the frill of my shirt, it dropt entirely off the other night, while I was dancing the country dance in the character of *Ranger*, in a barn, to an admiring audience, all of whom immediately burst out into such peals of laughter, as the wretched remnants flew about the stage, that I was obliged to request the scene-shifter to let fall the curtain, before the dance was half ended. The next time that I was called on to play this character, I must have given *Ranger* a *paper* frill, if a good old lady, hearing of my misfortune, had not sent me two of her old night-cap borders, very little damaged, of cotton lace. Oh! how I danced, after being invested with this present! I jumped as high as the moon, and frequently made my legs kick against—*the seat of honor!*

These original essays of mine are called innovations, or what is worse, ignorance. Oh! Mr. Editor, is it not truly grievous that what is practised by the strolling actor, in a barn, should be hooted at, whilst any thing new, however absurd, in an actor of celebrity, is cited as a wonderful effort of genius and originality? How many

actors and actresses, on the London boards, could I name, who now bask in the sunshine of popularity, and revel in luxurious enjoyment, to whom the above remark most pertinently and immediately applies!

DRAMATICUS.

LITERARY REVIEW.

SHAKSPEARE'S HIMSELF AGAIN : or, *The Language of the Poet asserted.*—*In a series of sixteen hundred notes, illustrative of the more difficult passages in his plays, to the various editions of which the present work forms a complete and necessary supplement*—By ANDREW BECKETT, Author of *Lucianus Redivivus*, &c. &c. In two volumes, price 1l.

THE world, as our present annotator justly remarks in the preface, is already in possession of so many excellent and elaborate commentaries on Shakspeare's plays, that it may at first be thought a work of supererogation, to add to their number. Yet "though the *general excellence* of the poet"—continues our author—"be admitted on all hands, his *particular expression* has (except in the instance of the Editor Warburton) been very frequently misunderstood." The truth of this assertion, he trusts, will abundantly appear, on an attentive perusal of the numerous notes and observations, contained in the work now submitted to the public eye.

Mr. Beckett then proceeds to detail the motives, which impelled him to encounter so arduous an undertaking. The task,—he observes—was laborious, but pleasing. It originated in his enthusiastic admiration of a writer, perhaps the most distinguished that England can be said to boast; but who nevertheless, has suffered considerable injury from the lapse of time. Mr. Beckett admits, indeed, that this injury consists chiefly in *discoloration*; and that the effigy of this terrestrial Jupiter, this maker,

this creator, stands majestically firm. To restore its beauty, something more was requisite than the mere removal of spot or stain. It was necessary occasionally to resort to the chisel, which was to be made use of with boldness, but at the same time with the greatest care. In this latter respect, he finds fault with the conduct of the major part of his predecessors in the walks of criticism.

The former commentators on Shakspeare, he observes, have, with few exceptions, confined their attempts to *elucidate* our illustrious bard to the production of what they term *parallel passages* from cotemporary writers. Now these passages being *parallel* in nothing but a *word*, while the sense is entirely different, such a mode of procedure has led to gross and even ridiculous mistakes. For, it ought ever to be borne in mind, that to *illustrate* an author successfully, the *parallel* or similarity must be found not in the *word alone*, but in the *thought*.

Here our author certainly argues logically; and is equally sound in the rule he lays down for his own line of conduct. This is to consider attentively the word, which may be liable to doubt and challenge, not merely with respect to analogy, or as it may resemble, in sound or appearance, that which he proposes to substitute for it; but in how far the one he has to offer, will agree with the context; so that no interpretation or explanation may appear forced, or arbitrarily brought in.

In order that our readers may be enabled to form their own estimate and judgment of the merits of Mr. Beckett's laborious performance, we shall annex a few extracts from his annotations, by way of specimen. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that they appear to us, for by far the major part, worthy of adoption, and in this respect the very reverse of the comments and quotations of a late editor of Shakspeare, who has the conductor of a certain monthly vehicle of criticism for his panegyrist and admirer. Justly has it been remarked by the French poet Boileau:

"Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot, qui l'admire."

In our estimation the annotations of the commentator alluded to ought, with the exception of those, which refer to the manners and customs of the country, and the age, in which the different actions of Shakspeare's dramas are laid, to be expunged from the poet's page, as is indeed proposed by the author of the present work, in his preface.

Mr. Beckett commences his laborious enquiries with the Tragedy of *Hamlet*. On the appearance of the Ghost of the murdered monarch, the Prince of Denmark thus addresses the spectre:

“—— Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 “Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape,
 “That I will speak to thee.”—

On this passage former commentators have thus remarked.

“By *questionable*, is meant provoking question.—HANMER.

“So, in *Macbeth*;

—— “Live you, or are you aught,

“That man may *question*?”—JOHNSON.

“*Questionable*—I believe—means only *propitious to conversation, easy and willing to be conversed with*. So, in *As you like it*, “An *unquestionable* spirit, which you have not.” *Unquestionable*, in this last instance, certainly signifies *unwilling to be talked with*.”—STEEVENS.

“*Questionable*, I believe, only means *capable of being conversed with*. To *question* certainly, in our author's time, signified to *converse*.”—MALONE.

Now follows Mr. Beckett's emendation of this passage.

—— “*Questionable shape*—I think “*unquestionable shape*” would be much more forcible, much more in point. The meaning of the passage would then stand thus: “*I know not what your intents may be; but the figure or shape you bear is well known to me...I will therefore speak to you, which otherwise I might not have courage to do*.”—This agrees with what he had said before: “*My father's spirit in arms!*”

In the same address, a little farther on, *Hamlet* conjures his father to declare the reason, why he has quitted the peaceful mansions of the dead, to revisit the abodes of the living?

—————"tell

"Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

"Have burst their cearments?—

On this passage Dr. Warburton makes the following remark:

"*Hamlet* here speaks with wonder, that he who was dead should rise again, and walk. But this, according to the vulgar superstition here followed, was no wonder. Their only wonder was, that one, who *had the rites of sepulture performed to him*, should walk, the want of which was supposed to be the reason of *walking ghosts*. *Hamlet's* wonder, then, should have been placed here; and so Shakspeare placed it, as we shall see presently. For *hearsed* is used figuratively, to signify *reposed*; therefore the place *where* should be designed: but *death* being no place, but a *privation* only, *hearsed* in death is nonsense. We should read thus:

—————"tell

"Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in *earth*,

"Have burst their cearments?"

With this emendation Doctor Johnson is little satisfied. The substitution of the word *earth* for *death* appears to him altogether arbitrary and nugatory, as neither removing any ambiguity, nor adding any beauty. He therefore prefers the original reading—"hearsed in death."

Mr. Beckett takes a new and bolder ground. The emendation he proposes, in the present instance, certainly obviates all difficulty and cavil. Our author expresses himself on this subject in the following terms:

"Warburton's objection, with respect to "*hearsed in death*," is not to be controverted. But still the word "*earth*" is, I think, unnecessarily and indeed mistakenly introduced. This proceeds, however, from considering "*hearsed*" as the proper

word, but which, I am firmly persuaded, should be *heried*, i. e. *honoured*. I make some little change in the order of the words, and read :

—————“ tell, why
 “ Heried, and canoniz'd in death, thy bones
 “ Have burst their cearments ?”

“ i. e.” Why is it, honoured as thou wert in life, and in thy death having suitable exequies, all the holy rites of sepulture being performed to thee—Why then have thy bones burst from their cearments ? &c. It is remarked by Johnson, that with either reading “ *hearsed in death*,” or in “ *earth*,” the sense will be the same. True ; but as the sense is imperfect in both, alteration should certainly be made.”

The tragedy of *Macbeth* furnishes our author with frequent occasions to rectify and amend the text, one of which we shall present, by way of specimen, to our readers. In the first act, *Lady Macbeth*, meditating the murder of *Duncan*, thus soliloquizes :

Lady Mac. ———“ Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry “ *hold ! hold !*”

“ This passage,” Mr. Becket remarks, “ is unintelligible, partly owing to corruption, and partly to misplacement of the words. To make “ *Heaven peep through a blanket*,” is, to say as little as possible in its disfavour, highly ridiculous ; for, as Dr. Warburton has observed, though the language of Shakspeare is frequently faulty, and without regard to grammar-rule, his expression is at no time nonsensical. The corruptions, I think, are these : “ *peep*,” in mistake for “ *deep* ;” and “ *blanket*,” for “ *blench at*.” I correct the whole, as follows :

—————“ Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
 That heav'n see not the wound my keen knife makes,
 Deep through thy dark, nor blench at it to cry :
 “ *Hold ! Hold !*”

“*Dark*,” is here used for “*darkness*.” So that heaven see not “*deep through thy dark*,” i. e. “See not the wound of my knife, favoured by thy darkness.” “*Nor blench at it*,” i. e. “Nor even start, shrink, or be alarmed at sight of it, so as to cry : “*hold ! hold !*” “*Blench at*,” written perhaps by a careless transcriber “*blenk at*,” was by the printer mistaken for *blanket*. As to what I have supposed, in regard to the jumbling of the words, no one, who has examined the earlier editions, will hesitate to pronounce the conjecture *probable*. It is impossible that the text can be right, in its present state.”

We shall terminate our extracts from Mr. Beckett's work, with the following annotation on a passage in *Mercutio's* description of *Queen Mab*, in *Romeo and Juliet*. In order to exhibit the emendation, proposed by our author, in a stronger light, we shall contrast his remarks with those of Dr. Warburton and Mr. Steevens. *Mercutio* commences his description of the Queen of the Fairies thus :

“Oh ! then I see, Queen Mab has been with you,
“She is the Fairies' midwife.”

On this passage Dr. Warburton observes :

“Thus begins that admirable speech upon the effects of the imagination in dreams. But, Queen Mab the fairies' midwife ? What is she then queen of ? Why, the fairies. What ! and their *midwife* too ? But this is not the greatest of the absurdities. Let us see upon what occasion she is introduced, and under what quality. It is as a being that has great power over human imagination. But then the title given her, must have reference to the employment she is put upon. First then, she is called Queen ; which is very pertinent, for that designs her power. Then she is called the *Fairies' midwife* ; but what has that to do with the point in hand ? If we would think that Shakspeare wrote sense, we must say he wrote—the *FANCY'S midwife*, and this is a proper title, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her *vagaries*. Besides, it exactly quadrates with these lines :

————— “I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain *fantasie*.”

"These dreams are begot upon *fantasie*, and Mab is the *midwife*, to bring them forth. And *fancy's midwife*, is a phrase altogether in the manner of our author."

Mr. Steevens but ill approves of the alteration made by the learned prelate. He is an advocate for the ancient reading, which he defends in the following manner :

"All the copies (three of which were published in our author's life-time) concur in reading *Fairies' midwife*, and Dr. Warburton's alteration appears to be quite unnecessary. The *Fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife to the Fairies, but that she was the person *among* the Fairies, whose department it was to deliver the fancies of sleeping men of their dreams, those *children of an idle brain*. When we say, the *King's Judges*, we do not mean persons, who are to judge the *king*, but persons appointed by him, to judge his *subjects*."

Mr. Beckett, it appears, is neither satisfied with the original reading *Fairies' midwife*, nor yet with the proposed alteration of Dr. Warburton, who would substitute the word *Fancy's* for that of *Fairies*. It is with the term *midwife* that he finds fault ; and it is but justice to add that his conjectures on this head are equally plausible and ingenious.

"I am of opinion"—writes our author—"that *midwife* is not the poet's word ; and that the commentators, in their attempt at explication, are consequently wrong. I would read :

"O, then, I see Queen Mab has been with you,
"She is the Fairies' *missive*, and she comes, &c."

"*Missive*" is not, in this place, *messenger* simply, and as far as it is *generally* understood ; but one who *has a mission* from the Fairies. She, whom the Fairies have *invested with power* ; as we now pronounce of the kingly character, that *he derived his authority originally from the people*. There is, moreover, a material objection to "*midwife*;" since it is the function of Mab to fill or impregn the mind in sleep ; which impregnation is then called *dream* or *fancy*, which it is the immediate province or business of Nature, of *awakened Nature*, to remove, to take away the load, under which the *sleeping*

imagination (if the language be permitted me) may be said to suffer. The mistake, in regard to this expression, has, like many others in Shakspeare, had its rise as it should seem at the printing-house, and is easily accounted for. The long s (ſ) has been carelessly turned by the compositor, so as to appear like d in the first sheet thrown off, "Mijdive;" this "*middive*," being discovered by him, and the language affording no such word, he supposed from the sound that it should be *midwife*; and he has corrected it, as we find it in the text.

"It will be seen by Warburton's comment—continues our author—that he had found (as almost every one must do) "*Fairies' midwife*" to be absurd: but "*Fancy's midwife*" mends not the expression in the least. And it will be further seen, by attending more particularly to the bishop's argument, and when he speaks of the power of Mab, as a *queen*, and of her occupation, as a *midwife*; it will then appear, I say, that "the latter end of his common-wealth forgets the beginning." He runs at the same time into another error, in saying, (and this in order to prove that Mab is "*fancy's midwife*") "These dreams are begot upon fantasie, and Mab is the midwife, to bring them forth"—for dreams are *not begotten upon fantasie*. *Dream* and *Fancy* are one and the same. This mistake of the learned prelate has arisen from his not having understood the following lines, and which must be pointed thus:

—————"I talk of dreams,
"Which are the children of an idle brain,
"Begot of nothing:—but vain fantasie."

"The construction is "Dreams are begotten of nothing:—(they are) but vain fantasie."

The above extracts will suffice to give the reader an adequate idea of the nature of Mr. Beckett's work, as well as of the manner in which he has executed his design. That in so long and elaborate a series of notes, comprising no less a number than *sixteen hundred*, the author should not be equally felicitous in all his interpretations; that he should occasionally hazard conjectural criticism, will not be matter of surprize to the candid and intelligent reader, who duly appreciates the difficulty

and magnitude of the enterprize, which our author has volunteered. In a great number of instances he has been eminently successful in his illustrations, and has thrown clear and indubitable light upon a multitude of passages, long involved in hopeless obscurity.

Upon the whole we scruple not to affirm, that Mr. Beckett's commentary on our immortal bard will be found not merely a very useful and interesting, but, literally speaking, a necessary appendage to Shakspeare's plays. As such, it merits a place in the library of every admirer of that incomparable dramatic writer, and ought to be profoundly studied by every person, who wishes thoroughly to penetrate his mind with the beauties of the greatest genius this, or perhaps any other country ever produced.

THE GHOST OF BRUTUS.

FEW of our readers can be supposed to be unacquainted with the history of the Genius, which appeared to Brutus shortly before the memorable battle of Philippi, as related by Plutarch. This, however, is not the phænomenon to which we allude on the present occasion. We are speaking, not of the supernatural being, which paid a nocturnal visit to the Roman patriot, but of the Ghost of Brutus himself.

This apparition exhibited itself to a thin (for which reason it may justly be styled a *select*) audience, at Covent Garden theatre, on Monday, May 6th, as the representative of the murderer of Julius Cæsar. It spoke in so low a voice, and in such protracted, such hollow and sepulchral tones, that it was almost impossible to comprehend a single sentence it uttered. This circumstance is the more surprizing, as its general appearance did not bear the characteristic marks of debility and old age. We

were at too great a distance from the spectre, to ascertain whether Brutus wore a wig or not ; but certainly he sported a fine head of hair, black as the raven's jetty plumage. His look, indeed, was truly ghastly and cadaverous, strongly typical of a person, who had "*part in the first resurrection* ;" but his dress was sufficiently juvenile. He crossed the stage with solemn, measured step, and gesticulated with much dignity : At first, we mistook his action for *pantomime* ; till on closer inspection we perceived that he moved his lips. This caused us to prick up our ears with eager expectation, when with much difficulty we succeeded in catching a few lonely and detached sentences. The gods, in the upper regions, being still further removed from the spectre than ourselves, and of course less in a capacity to hear the words he *appeared* to utter, called to the Ghost to speak out, and not to stand muttering there, like a toothless old woman. At this demand the Ghost took umbrage ; but the requisition being clamorously and peremptorily repeated, Brutus at length advanced in front of the stage, and waving majestically his hand, by way of bespeaking silence, observed ; " that he had caught a violent cold in his passage from the lower world ; that his lungs were affected by the sudden transition from the close gloom of Tartarus to the air and light of heaven ; that unfortunately he was not aware of the symptoms of his malady in time to apprise the managers of his misfortune, and recommend a change of the performances. He therefore hoped for their indulgence, and would endeavour to atone for the defect of his oral organ, by infusing more fire and spirit into his gesticulation."

This speech in some measure appeased the malcontents. The Ghost had evidently a number of friends in the house ; for not content with clapping and huzzaeing, several waved their handkerchiefs and hats, in token of approbation. We particularly noticed, in one of the side-boxes, a thin pale-looking gentleman, dressed in black, with powdered locks, which nearly assimilated in colour

with his bleached and bloodless cheek. From the unremitting use he made of his eye-glass, we suppose him to be purblind ; be that, however, as it may, we never beheld a person apparently more delighted with the Ghost's performance. His hands were incessantly in motion, so that it must have been utterly impossible (considering the low tone in which the spectre delivered himself,) for the persons, who had the misfortune to sit near his boisterous applauder, to hear a single syllable. When the Ghost advanced, as already related, in front of the stage, to apologize for his defect of utterance, the purblind gentleman arose from his seat, and leaning over the box, exclaimed, that "*no * apology was necessary.*" The majority of the audience, however, did not appear to concur in this opinion, and marked symptoms of discontent accompanied the residue of the Ghost's performance, till he made his final exit from the stage.

What has become of the Ghost, since the above adventure, we have not been able to ascertain. Public opinion, it seems, is greatly at variance on his account. Some assert, that he will shortly re-appear on the Covent Garden boards ; as soon, forsooth, as he shall have sweated out the cold he caught in his passage from the lower to the upper world. Others again maintain, that his return to the stage is not to be looked for ; inasmuch as the Ghost having the following day sent a small quantity of his morning water to the celebrated Dr. C—n, of B—street, that ingenious rival of Paracelsus has pronounced his case to be hopeless, and therefore recommends retirement and repose to the patient.

In this advice we perfectly coincide with the learned Doctor. Well-wishers, as we are, to the stage, and sincerely desirous of the prosperity of Covent-garden theatre, we cannot behold, without regret, the interests of that house so shamefully sacrificed to the insatiate avarice

* See the SUN evening-paper of the seventh instant.

and empty pride of sordid individuals. Every thing has, or ought to have, its appointed time. But some persons appear to push their aspiring hopes beyond the bounds of Nature, and idly covet immortality. This reminds us of the words of *Macbeth*—

———— “ the times have been,
“ That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
“ And there an end.”

Certain and inevitable must be the ruin of any theatrical concern, in which a system is adopted and suffered to continue, which gives a *bonus* of thirty pounds, per night, to an actor for performing to “empty boxes,” and draining the treasury of its wonted supplies. The human frame is only capable of a certain proportion of exertion. Old age necessarily entails upon us its concomitant infirmities. Prudence ought then to suggest the propriety of retirement from a task, to which our strength is no longer competent. The ancient actors and gladiators were well aware of this melancholy truth :

———— “ *Vejanius armis*
“ *Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro ;*
“ *Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.*”

Pity, great pity is it, that avarice should get the better of wisdom—pity that a certain *quondam* great actor should want a friend,

“ *Purgatam crebo qui personet aurem :*
“ *Solve senescentem mature sanus equum, ne*
“ *Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.*”

This would be, indeed, a salutary and truly friendly office ; but pride and avarice turn a deaf ear to wholesome counsel and intreaty.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Et impendi laborem ac periculum, unde emolumentum atque honos speretur. Nihil non aggressuros homines, si magna conatis magna premia proponantur.

Liv. Lib. IV. Cap. 35.

It is impossible to visit the rooms, without being instantly struck with the vast disproportion of historical paintings, which characterizes the present exhibition, in comparison to those of former years. The cause of this deficiency is sufficiently pointed out in the *Motto* prefixed to the catalogue. Painters, like other professional men, must ultimately direct their views to emolument; in other words, they must live by their occupation. As long as the arts are not adequately patronized; as long as they are made subservient to personal vanity and ostentation, it must necessarily follow, that portrait-painting will maintain the ascendancy. This branch presents a source of sure and immediate gain; neither does it require the labour and study requisite to produce a good historical picture.

Sir Thomas Lawrence has no less than eight portraits in the present exhibition. This is the full complement allowed to an individual. Of these, two are right reverend Fathers-in-God; to wit: the Bishop of London, No. 25, and the Bishop of Durham, No. 47. The Commander-in-chief has likewise sat to this distinguished artist; his Royal Highness is drawn, No. 61, in a Field-Marshal's uniform, and the picture may justly be pronounced a *chef d'œuvre*. The same praise is due to his full-length portraits of the Marchioness of Stafford, No. 48; of Lady Wigram, No. 107; and Major-General Sir H. Torrens, No. 151. The portrait of the celebrated sculptor Canova is likewise an excellent performance, but not quite finished.

As a portrait-painter, Sir T. Lawrence is inimitable. His productions in this line possess not merely the merit of striking and correct likeness; but he depicts the

very mind, the very soul of the person, on whom his pencil is employed. At the same time candour compels us to acknowledge, that he does not impart to his pictures that high style of finishing, which we so much and so justly admire in the portraits of Phillips.

Sir William Beechey has likewise eight portraits, some of them very showy. No. 1, is a portrait of the Bishop of Chester; 19, of Lord Hill; 37, Lady Berwick; 83, Hon. Mrs. Vernon; 88, Lady Bernard; 112, His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in the dress of a Highland Chieftain, as Earl of Inverness; 129, Lady Owen; and 334, the Hon. Capt. Peachey, R. N. The female portraits, by this artist, are unrivalled for grace and delicacy.

Martin Arthur Shée has also his full complement of portraits, amongst which those of the late gallant Lieutenant-General Sir T. Picton, who fell whilst charging with the bayonet at the head of his division, in the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, No. 6. Mrs. Fairlie and her children, 56, and Colonel Hanmer, 135, are entitled to peculiar commendation.

Northcote is not deficient in the number of his productions, having eight portraits, like the afore-named gentlemen; but we are sorry to say he appears to fall off sadly.

The same remark may be applied to Drummond's productions. This artist is a bad colourist: the flesh of his portraits, if compared with those of Lawrence and Phillips, bears no small analogy to brick-dust. The drawing, however, is good. Of the eight portraits he exhibits this year, we give the preference to his full-length picture of the present Lord Mayor of London, No. 58.

Phillips, more modest than certain of his brother R. A.'s, contents himself with exhibiting only seven of his productions. The first of these, No. 29. is a scriptural piece, representing the *Archangel Michael leaving Adam and Eve, after having conducted them out of Paradise*. The manner in which this artist, as we have already remarked, finishes his pictures, is truly admirable, and reminds us

forcibly of Titian. Among his portraits, two deserve to be particularly noticed, viz. that of the Cossac Hetman, Count Platoff, mounted on his favourite charger, (the horses by J. Ward, R. A.) No. 152. and the portrait of the Indian chief Tyroninhokarawen, known in the British army under the name of Captain (now Major) Norton, No. 174.

Mr. Henry Bone, R. A. maintains a decided superiority in enamel painting, of which he this year exhibits five exquisite specimens, viz. No. 656. a portrait, in enamel, of Ben Jonson, after a painting by Gerard Honthorst; No. 657. of Shakspeare, after a picture in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Dorset, and No. 658 of Sir Thomas Graham, after the original picture, by Sir Antonio More. No. 707, is a frame containing three portraits, viz. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, after Mr. Saunders; Mlle. Le Brun, after a picture by herself; and Andrea Del Sarto, after the original by himself. No. 708, is the portrait of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. after a picture by T. Phillips, R. A. It is but justice to add, that Mr. Bone has brought the art of painting in enamel to a degree of perfection, hitherto unknown in this, or any other country.

We proceed now to a succinct notice of the historical paintings. Among these, were it our custom to measure merit by size, first mention would incontrovertibly be due to Hilton's scriptural piece, entitled the *Raising of Lazarus*, which nearly occupies one whole side of the inner room. But not captivated with the prodigious dimensions of this picture, we shall give precedence to a performance which, in our humble opinion, leaves all the productions of the R. A's. the A.'s, and the H.'s, exhibited this year, at an immeasurable distance. This a painting of *Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still upon Gibeon*. No. 347. The author of this truly grand, this sublime and magnificent picture, is Mr. J. Martin, a name hitherto of little note, nor graced with academic honours—but a name withal, which, we may safely venture to predict, cannot much longer remain in obscurity.

The very soul of painting is infused into the composition of this admirable performance. Nothing can surpass the majestic sublimity of the scene; we behold the ordinary course of nature suspended, to accomplish the terrible behests of divine wrath; the elements arrayed in battle, and storm and hail-stones contributing to achieve the work of slaughter and destruction. In the fore-ground the artist has introduced a very picturesque view of the army of the Israelites winding down the hill to Beth-horon. An air of terrific grandeur reigns through the whole landscape, which displays a bold and romantic imagination. In the distance we contemplate the awful effects of the elemental war, which discomfits and destroys the hosts of the Amorites. Joshua is discovered in an imposing attitude, at the head of his army, calling upon the sun to arrest his course, and stand still upon Gibeon. On the top of the hill stands the city, in the scite and structure of which the creative genius of the artist appears eminently conspicuous.

Ere we dismiss this topic, we cannot abstain from offering a few remarks on the conduct of the *hanging committee*, with Mr. Westall, R. A. this year at their head, in placing a picture of such transcendent merit in so unworthy a situation. Whilst daubs, such as the *Battle of Waterloo*, with various other tawdry productions of like stamp, that we could name, are most conspicuously displayed, Mr. Martin's beautiful picture is thrust into a corner, where it appears to the greatest disadvantage. This procedure is the more scandalous and ungenerous, inasmuch as a painting, which from its very subject must necessarily partake strongly of the *sombre*, in the colouring, demands a light and favourable position. Mr. Westall is not inattentive to this circumstance, in the distribution of his own pictures.

No. 283. *The Raising of Lazarus*. By W. Hilton. A.

This picture is sure to attract notice from its prodigious size; occupying, as already stated, nearly one whole side of the room, in which it is placed. For our part, we must candidly confess, that we do not rank it among the first-rate productions of the modern school. The figure

of Christ, in particular, is liable to much objection. It wants dignity, and the countenance is ghastly in the extreme.

The Fight Interrupted, No. 65, by W. Mulready, R. A. *Elect*, is a highly meritorious performance. The design is good, the figures well grouped, and the colouring chaste. Two boys, who had engaged in a boxing match, are separated by the arrival of the tutor. One has retreated to a little distance, and is pointing out to his comrade a swelled lip, the consequence of a blow he received in the *fray*—(we beg pardon of Master Walter Scott for making so free with the *poetical* epithet he so incessantly employs, in his admirable *Field of Waterloo* !) The other, less fortunate, is caught, *flagranti delictu*, by the ear, in which position the master holds him, whilst he remonstrates with him on the impropriety of his conduct. The whole is well conceived, and not less happily executed.

Mr. Callcott, R. A. has only one picture in the present exhibition, but that one is a master-piece. It is a representation of the *Entrance to the Pool of London*, No. 175. For harmony of colouring, it has not its equal in the rooms. He approaches nearer to Claude, than any landscape-painter of the present day.

The reputation of Mr. Turner, R. A. for landscapes, stands in need of no encomium. He is in many respects inimitable, and may boldly challenge the palm with any living artist in his line. He exhibits only two pictures this year, viz. *The Temple of Jupiter Panellenius Restored*, No. 55—and *View of the Temple of Jupiter Panellenius, in the Island of Ægina, with the Greek national Dance of the Romaika : the Acropolis of Athens in the distance*, No. 71.

T. Daniell, R. A. has three beautiful views, taken in the East Indies, Nos. 144, 200, and 304, all of which are worthy of the pencil of this distinguished artist.

The Rabbit on the Wall—(a candle-light amusement) by D. Wilkie, R. A. No. 125, is a work of considerable merit. The effect produced by the reflection of the light is truly admirable. The same artist has a second picture in the present exhibition, entitled the *Broken China Jar*,

or, *Ghost laid*: No. 647—a story founded on fact, and painted to illustrate a poem, entitled "*The Social Day*." Mr. Wilkie ranks very high among our very best colourists.

No. 471, *A Fair in Geneva*, district Switzerland, by A. Topffer. This is a production which reflects great credit on the artist. All the various humours of a Swiss fair are here very successfully introduced.—In the centre is a battle royal, and gambols of every description are carrying on, somewhat after the manner of Teniers. We have only to regret, that the artist should have been so unmindful of decorum, as to render it necessary, on the part of the Committee, to paste a label, of extraordinary dimension, on the left corner of his picture to conceal from view three or four fellows, who are engaged in no very delicate occupation.

Mr. Topffer may indeed alledge the almost invariable practise of Teniers, in justification of his own conduct, on this occasion. But he should recollect that the manners of the age are greatly altered, since the period in which that master flourished. Without being, perhaps, one jot more moral or virtuous, we are become infinitely more squeamish and fastidious, than our ancestors of the fifteenth and sixteenth century.

R. Westall, R. A. has sent only four pictures for exhibition. The first of these, the *Presentation in the Temple*, No. 119. is entitled to more than ordinary praise, on account of the novelty of the effect, produced by the contrast of the *natural* and of *artificial* light. The latter proceeds from the back-ground, and comes in contact with the dawn of day, which breaks in the fore-part of the scene. This picture may justly be pronounced a beautiful performance.

No. 335. *The Women at the Sepulchre of Christ*. H. P. Bone.

This scriptural piece possesses great merit, and holds out a very favourable augury of what may be hereafter expected from the matured talents of the young artist. The colouring is clear, and the *chiaro scuro* ably managed.

In the *Model Academy* is an excellent design, No. 918. of *Eve intreating forgiveness of Adam*. The figures are grouped with great delicacy and taste—and the whole characterized by an air of simple, yet animated expression, which entitles it to the most honourable mention. The catalogue informs us, that it obtained the gold medal, with the privileges thereunto annexed, in the Royal Academy, a proud distinction, which it appears to have richly merited. The exhibition contains three other productions, by the same artist, No. 870, 892, and 923. They are all excellent in their kind.

The circumscribed limits of a monthly publication will not permit us to enter into further minute detail. We shall therefore sum up our report of the present Exhibition of the Royal Academy, by briefly observing, that although, viewed in the aggregate, it cannot be dissembled that there is this year a great falling-off in the higher department of the art; and that portrait-painting has gained the complete ascendancy, the collection now open to the public boasts, nevertheless, a number of productions which reflect honor upon the respective artists, and prove, as is justly stated in the motto of the catalogue, that nothing but efficient patronage and encouragement are wanting to stimulate to nobler efforts, and inspire our painters with a laudable ambition to excel in the higher walks of the profession. Were adequate remuneration awarded to the historical painter; were national premiums held up, there can be no doubt but our artists would readily enter the lists of competition for the palm. Were honor and emolument to go hand in hand, and great aspirings to meet with commensurate recompence, individual talent would take a different direction, and the gratification of personal vanity would yield to the impulse of lofty and self-conscious talent. To conclude with the aphorism, with which we set out in the present essay—"Nihil non aggressuros homines, si magna conatis magna præmia proponantur."

THEATRICAL REVIEW.

DRURY-LANE.

MONDAY, April 29th, *The Prodigal—My Spouse and I—Mayor of Garratt*. A new melo-dramatic play, in three acts, entitled the *Prodigal*, was brought out this evening, for the benefit of Mr. Rae, the stage-manager. As it appears to have been got up, merely to answer an ephemeral purpose, (not having run beyond a *second* representation) it would be equally superfluous and absurd, to enter into an analysis of its pretensions. Mr. Rae, who sustained the part of *Phanor* (the Prodigal) was taken so ill, in the course of the performance, that it was with extreme difficulty he could go through the character. Mr. Murphy's humorous comedy of *Three Weeks after Marriage* was announced in the play-bills, as the after-piece; but in consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Rae, to whom the part of *Sir Charles Racket* was assigned, the *Mayor of Garratt*, after a suitable apology, made by Mr. Harley, was substituted in its stead.

Wednesday, May 1st, *The Prodigal—Three Weeks after Marriage—My Spouse and I*. Miss Nash made her first appearance, in comedy, on the London boards, this evening, as *Lady Racket*, in *Three Weeks after Marriage*. She acquitted herself with great success, and was greeted with unbounded and unanimous applause.

Thursday, May 2d, *New Way to Pay Old Debts—What Next?—Count of Anjou; or, More Marriages than One*.

In honour of the royal nuptials, which took place this day, a new musical romance, in one act, entitled the *Count of Anjou*, was represented this evening, for the first time, on the Drury-Lane boards. Productions of this nature are little amenable to the jurisdiction of criticism. *Geoffry Count of Anjou*, (Mr. Cooke) espouses the daughter of *Henry I.* King of England, (Mr. S. Penley). He is accompanied by a brother-warrior, *Count Eustace*, (Mr. Coveney) who having formerly had the presumption to aspire to the hand of the Princess *Matilda*, (Miss Nash) is, by way of punishment for his temerity, banished the realm. His sentence is, however, reversed by the monarch, on learning that he has contracted an engagement with a lady of humble rank, to whom he is consequently united. This

important business duly arranged and adjusted, the spectator is now regaled with a most delectable spectacle. Britannia, Hibernia, and Caledonia, personated by Miss Tree, Miss Smythers, and Miss Vallancy, pop down from the clouds, and very condescendingly entertain the company with a dance. To enhance the pleasure of the scene, the Lion and the Unicorn make their appearance very lovingly, and the piece concludes with the good old song of "*God save the King*," to which is annexed an additional verse, in compliment to the royal pair.

Thursday, May 9th, *Bertram; or, the Castle of St. Aldobrand—The Review*.—The theatrical records of this evening have to boast, what may justly be denominated a phænomenon in the dramatic world, the representation of a successful new tragedy. *Bertram*, a regular tragedy in five acts, is the production of the Rev. R. C. Maturin, an Irish clergyman, resident in Dublin, by whom, we understand, it was transmitted to Lord Byron, one of the new administration of Drury-lane theatre, for his inspection and approval. From the congeniality of disposition and character between the hero of this play, and the noble author of *Lara* and the *Corsair*, it is no wonder that *Bertram* perfectly enchanted his lordship, and in fact subjugated his whole soul. It is literally a tale of horror, detailed in all the nakedness of undisguised atrocity. The hero is a rebel, an outlaw, an assassin, a fiend in human shape: the heroine, if possible, still more distorted and perverse. One moment we are told (Act I. Scene V.) she "is a *wretched*, but a *spotless* wife;"—the next she is, by her own confession, "*a wretch, pale and writhing with unholy love*,"—an unfortunate female, who "*nursed a slumbering serpent, till it stung her*." In a confidential interview with her favourite maid *Clotilda*, speaking of her tête-à-tête with *Bertram*, she says:

"We met in madness, and in guilt we parted."

And so palpable, so hideous is her dereliction of duty, that even her waiting-maid cannot abstain from upbraiding her:

———"Wretched woman!"—(exclaims *Clotilda*)

"Whom guilt hath flung at a poor menial's feet;

"Rise, rise;—how canst thou keep thy fatal secret?"

In the very same scene (Act IV. Scene VI.) after making this

mortifying confession of her shame to a domestic, she alternately fondles and cajoles her husband, and her husband's murderer. To the former she says :

" God bless thee ; oh ! God bless thee ! "

and the latter she coaxes, by the epithet of

" Kind, gentle Bertram ! my beloved Bertram !!! "

and immediately enters the lists of competition with him, who shall swear the roundest oath. The lady of course sets the example :

" By *heaven* ! and all its host, he shall not perish. "

Bertram, despairing of outrivalling her in any other manner, hopes to triumph by parodying her form of oath :

" By *hell* ! and all its host, he shall not live. "

Unfortunately for the poor husband, *Bertram* gains the wager, and redeems his oath by butchering *St. Aldobrand* !

But, lest we should incur the charge of rashness and injustice in speaking thus lightly of a tragedy, which, with few exceptions, has been extolled to the skies by our diurnal and hebdomadary critics, and the representation of which it has become fashionable to witness, to panegyryze and to admire, we deem it expedient, in our own justification, to enter into a concise analysis of its claims. The plot, in itself, is meagre and barren in the extreme. *Count Bertram*, a nobleman, once high in esteem at court,

" The darling of his liege, and of his land,

" The army's idol, and the council's head,

" Whose smile was fortune, and whose will was law, "

suffers his ambition to get the better of his loyalty. He disputes the crown (Act IV. Scene II.) with his sovereign. In this perilous conjuncture, *St. Aldobrand*, a faithful subject to his legitimate monarch, steps forward in defence of the throne. Through his active zeal, and well-combined efforts, the rebel is discomfited, compelled to seek his safety by flight, and outlawed. Yet, though foiled in his audacious enterprize, *Bertram's* haughty soul is not subdued. His ambition now seeks another channel. Unable to wrest the diadem from the brow

of his prince, he resolves to lord it over a set of miscreants and outlaws, like himself. For this purpose he puts himself at the head of a band of desperadoes and cut-throats, and spreads terror and havoc around the "wild and wooded shore of Manfredonia." He then sets sail, with his murderous band, from the gulf of Toranto; but is overtaken by a terrible storm, the vessel wrecked, and, with difficulty, escapes himself and a portion of his followers from the raging element.

It is with this incident that the play opens. The monks of the convent of St. Anselm are prevented from enjoying a comfortable night's rest, by the fierce storm, that rattles round their head. Some most beautiful lightning and thunder are here introduced, the credit of which belongs to the machinist. The holy friars sally forth, the reverend Prior at their head, armed with torches, "the deep-toned convent bell rings its loudest peal," and all is noise, bustle and hurry, to the great edification of the lovers of show, and the honour of the scene-painter. The ship sinks, of course, to heighten the effect of the scene, but *Bertram* buffets the wave—and, as it afterwards appears, is not the only one of the crew, who escapes a watery grave.

The holy Prior, finding the number of his guests increase, (for the rescued ship-mariners are all conveyed to the convent,) bethinks himself of an expedient to get rid of these troublesome visitors. For this purpose he sends a messenger to the lady of the castle of St. Aldobrand, claiming

———"The wonted hospitality,
 "Which the free noble usage of that castle
 "Doth grant to ship-wrecked and distressed men."

With this charitable request *Imogene*, the hospitable lady of the castle, readily complies.

Not less readily do the shipwrecked and distressed mariners accept of the gracious invitation. They accordingly repair in a body to the castle, where they make themselves perfectly at home, and in every sense of the word, welcome, free and easy. Although famished, and ready to sink under fatigue, they fall to *singing*, before they think of *eating*. All this, it must be confessed, is in the direct course of nature, and the introduction of a Bacchanalian song, in a tragedy, may justly be considered as an innovation, the praise of which appertains to the new school. *Bertram*, the leader of this desperate gang; *Ber-*

tram, upon whose head a price is set by government; *Bertram*, who owes his ruin principally to *St. Aldobrand*, nevertheless deems it more prudent to repair to the castle of his sworn and avowed enemy, than expose himself to suspicion, by quietly remaining at the convent of *St. Anselm*. With the same degree of consistency, the same eagerness to avoid suspicion, he keeps himself aloof from the rest of the company, and like a perturbed spirit walks to and fro, up and down, alone. This circumstance, as might naturally have been expected, attracts notice. *Imogene* remarks to her cunning, confidential maid, *Clotilda*,

——“As I passed the latticed gallery,
 “One stood alone—I mark’d him where he stood;
 “His face was *veil’d—faintly a light fell on him;
 “But through soil’d weeds his muffled form did show
 “A wild and terrible grandeur.”

Clotilda’s stimulates *Imogene*’s curiosity; the latter orders her *confidante* to conduct the mysterious stranger into her presence. *Bertram* enters, with folded arms, and his eyes rivetted on the ground, and so altered in his whole appearance, that his mistress does not recognize him. He discovers himself; questions *Imogene* on the reason of being an inmate of the castle of *St. Aldobrand*, and now first learns that the idol of his soul is the wedded wife of his mortal foe. At this cruel intelligence he takes fire; overwhelms *Imogene* with upbraidings; the lady flings herself in despair on the ground; her child most opportunely rushes in; *Bertram* snatches him up in his arms, kisses him, and then rushes out. Such is the conclusion of the second act.

Act III. opens with the View of a Wood. *Aldobrand* is on his return from his expedition, accompanied by a trusty page. Having far outstript his knights and comrades in arms, he proposes to pass the night in a forest, when the distant toll of a bell informs him, that he is in the vicinity of the convent of *St. Anselm*. This welcome conjecture is confirmed by the sound of voices proceeding from a chorus of knights, chaunting in honor of their protecting saint. *Aldobrand*, therefore, wisely deter-

* The more effectually to escape notice and observation, we presume.

mines to join their company, rather than pass the night alone with his page in the dreary wood.

Meanwhile the lady *Imogene* repairs to her confessor, the Prior of St. Anselm, to lay before him her distressed state of mind. The monk hears her confession with amazement, reproves her warmly for her ill-placed passion, and most strictly charges her to avoid all intercourse with *Bertram*. *Imogene*, distracted, craves the indulgence of bidding farewell to her lover. She requests but "one parting word." "Not one parting look," retorts the friar; "not even one parting thought." In this critical moment enters a page, and announces the return of *Aldobrand*. The friar and page make their exit, leaving the lady to her own meditations. She does not, however, long remain alone, but is instantly joined by *Bertram*, who extorts a promise for her to give him an hour's *tête-à-tête* at midnight, in the same spot where they met last.

In Act IV. *Aldobrand* returns to his castle: he experiences a very singular reception from his wife, which he most good-naturedly attributes to the solitary life she has led during his absence. He complains that his "eyes grow heavy," and therefore resolves to go to bed. Scarcely has he bade *Imogene* good night, when *Bertram* makes his appearance, and without much preface informs the lady, that he is come for the express purpose of murdering her husband. Much curious altercation now ensues; *Bertram*, however, is not to be diverted from his purpose, the accomplishment of which terminates the fourth act, *Imogene* being a witness of the barbarous deed.

Whilst this murder is perpetrating, the knights and monks of St. Anselm are engaged in a solemn ceremony of thanksgiving for the safe return of *Aldobrand*, and his companions in arms, from their expedition. The chapel of the convent is illuminated on this joyous occasion; the consecrated banner borne in triumphant procession, and hymns of praise chaunted in honour of the tutelary saint. These solemnities are interrupted at length by the sudden entrance of a monk, announcing some dreadful calamity. He is quickly followed by *Imogene*, who rushes into the sanctuary, with her child, "her hair dishevelled, and her dress stained with blood." This latter circumstance is the more extraordinary, in the Drury-lane representation, inasmuch as *Imogene*, who was a witness of her husband's murder, (as already related,) and who is described to us as *mad* withal, has changed

her dress, and now makes her appearance, like *Ophelia*, in a snow-white garment, the accredited symbol of spotless innocence. She relates in incoherent language the horrid catastrophe; the Prior calls on the knights to avenge the death of *Aldobrand*, and forthwith outrush "tumultuously" knights, monks, and attendants, pell-mell together.

Scene changes to the castle of the murdered lord. All is silence and desolation. In traversing the deserted halls, they fall in with *Clotilda*, who had concealed herself through fear. From her they learn, that *Bertram's* banditti have plundered the castle, and that the murderer has locked himself up in an adjoining chamber, into which he had previously dragged the lifeless body of his victim:

———"He bore the murdered body

"Along unto yon chamber—(*pointing to the door*)

"I heard the heavy weight trail after him;—

"I heard his bloody hands make fast the door—

"There hath he sat in dread society;

"The corse and murderer are there together."

The knights draw their swords, and prepare to burst open the door; but are prevented by the Prior, who assures them that "*the arm of flesh is powerless on him!*" but that the "faltering voice of feeble age" can do with him whatever it pleases. He accordingly strikes the door with his holy fist, and summons the murderer to come forth. *Bertram* most condescendingly obeys the summons, opens submissively the doors, and presents himself before the motley groupe, besmeared with blood, and holding still in his grasp the homicidal dagger. This *coup de theatre* affords an opportunity for much rant—at length *Bertram* flings his dagger on the ground, is made prisoner and led off.

In the third and concluding scene, we have a view of a dark wood, with a cavern in the background, and surrounded by overhanging rocks and precipices. *Imogene* makes her appearance, as before in white: she is in a state of phrenzy, and mistakes the monks and friars for executioners. On the approach of the guards, who conduct *Bertram* in chains, she is carried off to the cavern.

The pious Prior essays his utmost endeavour to soften the obdurate heart of the murderer, and prepare him for the awful

doom, which awaits him. *Bertram* appears but little disposed to become a convert, when his ear is suddenly assailed with a piercing shriek. He recognizes the voice of *Imogene*, and advances towards the cave, from which *Imogene* now rushes, having torn herself from the arms of *Clotilda*, who had been left to guard her. The interview between the two lovers is but short—*Imogene* expires through grief and distraction. *Bertram*, though chained, snatches a sword from one of the knights, falls upon it, and whilst struggling with the agonies of death, calls upon the Prior and the monks to “lift their holy hands in charity.” Then exulting that he does not die the ignominious death his crimes so richly merited :

———“ I died no felon death ;
“ A warrior’s weapon freed a warrior’s soul ;”

he stretches himself out, in befitting posture, yields up the ghost, and the curtain falls,

From the above analysis the reader will perceive that the new Tragedy is little entitled to commendation, either with respect to the novelty or the ingenuity of its plot. It is uncommonly barren of incident, and takes but very feeble hold of our feelings. Hence, notwithstanding all the applause bestowed upon it, no person appears to be truly affected by it : scarcely does it elicit a single tear. The character of the hero, as already observed, is unamiable in the extreme ; and that of the heroine is not much better. *Aldobrand* appears only to be killed, and the long prosings of the *Prior*, with the rest of his monks, become tedious. The child is introduced merely for the purpose of stage-trick, the effect of which is weakened by introducing him the second time. *Clotilda* has little or no share in the action, and serves only as a pretext to her mistress, for recounting some of the events of her past life.—Even this expedient is but badly managed. *Imogene* gives us indeed to understand, that her marriage with *Aldobrand* was the result of compulsion, not of choice ; that she was driven to this step by imperious circumstances :

“ To save a famish’d father, did I wed ;”

but we are left totally in the dark, as to the train of circumstances, which reduced her father to such dire necessity ; nor is

the slightest clue afforded us, by which we might trace the connexion between the rescue of her father, and her own marriage with *Aldobrand*. She talks of

“ — a father on the cold, cold earth ;”

but does not tell us, *what* brought him there.

In a word, the principal merit of the new tragedy consists in the language, which, on the whole, is elevated above the ordinary standard. Some passages, indeed, approximate closely to the sublime. Among these may be classed *Imogene's* soliloquy, whilst gazing on the picture of her lover, in the fifth scene of the first act :

“ The limner's art may trace the absent feature,
 “ And give the eye of distant weeping faith
 “ To view the form of its idolatry.—
 “ But, oh ! the scenes, mid which they met and parted—
 “ The thought, the recollections—sweet and bitter—
 “ Th' Elysian dreams of lovers, when they lov'd,
 “ Who shall restore them ?”

—————“ If thou couldst speak,
 “ Dumb witness of the secret soul of Imogene !
 “ Thou might'st acquit the faith of woman-kind.”—

The same praise is due to her meditations, whilst gazing on the moon, that favourite confident of lovers ;

“ Whose influence o'er all tides of soul hath power,
 “ Who lend'st thy light to rapture and despair ;—
 “ The glow of hope, and wan hue of sick fancy
 “ Alike reflect thy rays : alike thou lightest
 “ The path of meeting, or of parting love—
 “ Alike on mingling, or on broken hearts
 “ Thou smil'st in throned beauty—Bertram ! Bertram !
 “ How sweet it is to tell the listening night
 “ The name belov'd !—It is a spell, of power
 “ To wake the buried slumbers of the heart,
 “ Where memory lingers o'er the grave of passion,
 “ Watching its tranced sleep !—

"The thoughts of other days are rushing on me,
 "The lov'd, the lost, the distant, and the dead,
 "Are with me now, and I will mingle with them,
 "Till my sense fails, and my rais'd heart is wrapt
 "In sweet suspension of mortality!"—Act II. Scene 3.

Many other passages might be cited, which are entitled to similar commendation, as well for the delicacy of the sentiment, as for the force and beauty of the expression. But the limits of our publication will not allow us to multiply quotations.

After bestowing this merited meed of praise upon the language of the new tragedy, in general, it may peradventure not a little astonish our readers, when we add, that in many instances the author gives into a certain affectation, and quaintness of expression, for which no apology can be offered. Thus he speaks (page 1) of "dark terror *hursted* distantly"—(page 2) "Relic, and rosary, and crucifix, did rock and quiver in the *bickering* glare"—"the *momently* (should be momentary) gleams of sheeted blue." (page 3) speaking of the turrets of the convent of St. Anselm. "Think'st thou they will not *topple* o'er our heads"---this phrase is repeated page 86:

"Yon precipice crag seems, as if every tread
 "Would loose its weight, to *topple* o'er our heads."

Page 22, the Prior observes to *Bertram*,

"Some desperate burst of passion will betray thee,
 "And end in mortal *scathe*."

Page 23, "Till from Palermo's walls he *wend* him homeward."

Page 31, *Imogene*, urging *Bertram* to seek safety in flight, informs him

————"The vassals of thine enemy wait
 "To do thee dead!"

Page 49, *Bertram* lamenting over his ruined fortunes, in soliloquy, makes use of the following *elegant* phrase:

"*Bertram* has nought above the meanest *losel*!"

We might easily swell this list, were we disposed to follow up this examination; but to dwell on faults, to point out blemishes and defects, is a painful and invidious task. We therefore dismiss this chapter, with recommending to the author to

be in future more attentive to correctness and grammatical precision. The genitive *whose*, strictly speaking, is only applicable to animated beings. Mr. Maturin, however, employs it indiscriminately on all occasions: We shall content ourselves with quoting a few instances:

- P. 19. ———“This starting trance,
“*Whose* feverish tossings, and deep mutter'd groans.”
- P. 22. “Following the dun skirt of the o'erpast storm,
“*Whose* bolt did leave them prostrate.”
- P. 39. “Floats on the ruthless tide, *whose* unfelt sway,”
—————“Is there no forest,
“*Whose* shades are dark enough to shelter us?”
- P. 40. “Then fling it at the gate, *whose* cursed stones”
- P. 58. ————“that gracious melancholy,
“*Whose* most sad sweetness is in tune with joy.”

But we hasten from these minute details to a general review of this so much vaunted tragedy. We have already observed, that the whole progress of the piece is diametrically at variance with nature. This is more particularly exemplified in the conduct of the hero of the piece. The ruling passion, which inflames and domineers his ulcerated heart, is revenge. This, and this only, has for years formed the subject of his sleeping and his waking thoughts, as we find from his own explicit declaration.

“His death has been my life, for years of misery—

“Upon that thought, and not on food, I fed;

“Upon that thought, and not on sleep, I rested.”

Yet no sooner has *Bertram* accomplished the blood-thirsty project, on which he has so long been intent, than he acts like a novice in crime: locks himself in a chamber with his murdered victim, instead of profiting of the aid of his gang, to effect his escape, which he might easily have done, as we are expressly told, that the banditti, after plundering the castle, made good their retreat, “loaded with spoil.” Yet though he had taken the precaution to lock the door of the chamber, into which he retires, he tamely opens it, comes forward, and surrenders himself, the moment he is summoned so to do, by a priest. Is

this, we wish to put the question to every candid and intelligent reader, is this acting with consistency? Has it the smallest analogy with the motives which, in the natural course of things, sway the conduct and actions of man? Most assuredly none—And what reason does *Bertram* alledge for such an absurd mode of proceeding? Why, a reason more ridiculous and absurd than the deed itself. He, whose whole soul professed to doat on *Imogene*; of whom but a few hours before, he thus passionately speaks:

“*Imogene’s* form did gleam on my last glance;

“*Imogene’s* breath did mix with my last sigh;

“*Imogene’s* tear doth linger on my cheek.”

no sooner has glutted his revenge, by the murder of her husband, than he instantly forgets the object of his idolatry;—he not only totally loses sight of *Imogene*, but is led to believe, that the whole human race is annihilated, with the exception of himself!!! He tells the knights that come in pursuit of him:

“I am amaz’d to see ye living men;

“I deem’d that when I struck the final blow,

“Mankind expired!”—

Is it possible to carry madness and absurdity to a greater length?

To sum up—the merits of the new tragedy, in our opinion, are greatly over-rated. In the closet it may be read with moderate satisfaction, as a literary composition; but when the fashionable rage, which has been so successfully excited in its favour, shall cool and subside, it will never retain its footing on the stage. Numbers go to witness its representation, with a predetermination to find it excellent—they admire and applaud, because they see others do the same—Fashion has, for the moment, stampt its celebrity, but the illusion cannot last. Sound sense and judgment will ultimately triumph over factitious reputation, and the voice of truth will eventually silence hireling praise. When that moment—in our estimation, no very distant one—shall arrive, *Bertram*; or *the Castle of St. Aldobrand*, will find its true level, and probably before the expiration of the next season be consigned to the peaceful repositories of oblivion, where it will carry with it our best wishes for its repose—*Requiescat in pace.*

The attractions of the new tragedy were enhanced by the first appearance of a new candidate for Thespian honours in the person of a young lady of the name of Somerville, who sustained the part of *Imogene*. Her figure is prepossessing, her countenance pleasing, her voice clear, distinct, sonorous, and capable of considerable modulation. Considering her extreme youth, (for Miss Somerville, we understand, is not turned of eighteen years of age) and connecting with this consideration the circumstance of the present essay being her first appearance *on any stage*, we cannot but acknowledge that her *debut* ranks among the most successful ones we have for a length of time witnessed.

But the principal recommendation of the new tragedy, in the representation, is avowedly the performance of Mr. Kean. *Bertram* is a part peculiarly adapted to the style and powers of this actor. It is an unnatural character from first to last, made up of rant, extravagance, and boisterous passion. In casts of this description, Mr. Kean always appears to advantage. He was most rapturously applauded in the second scene of the second act, where he supposes himself to be grappling with his deadly foe, one solitary plank between them and destruction—where he grasps “*Aldobrand* in his desperate arms, and plunges him amid the weltering billows:” His frantic laugh, when he “views him gasping for life,” when he sees him struggling in the agonies of death, was truly horrible.

Mr. Holland personates with much effect the *Prior* of St. Anselm; but the part in itself is too prolix and prosing. Mr. Pope, as the representative of *Aldobrand*, has little to do, as already remarked, but suffer himself to be stabbed by *Bertram*. The rest of the *dramatis personae* are, from the nature of their parts, little entitled to specific notice.

The *Prologue* to the new tragedy is not distinguished by any striking beauties. It is written by J. Hobhouse, Esq. and glances at the pecuniary circumstances of the author, which, to judge from certain passages, are not of the most affluent description. The success, however, which has attended the representation, as well as the purchase money obtained for the copyright, which, if it bears any proportion to the price charged by the bookseller for the play, (no less than four shillings and sixpence!!!) must amount to a very handsome sum, cannot fail, we trust, to relieve the reverend gentleman from all embarrassments. It was recited, with all befitting solemnity, by Mr. Rae,

The *epilogue*, from the pen of the Hon. G. Lamb, is of immoderate length, and possesses as little claim to originality, sprightliness, and humour, as the *prologue*. Towards the conclusion, however, there is a happy hit at the prostitution of the stage, at the rival house, by encouraging exhibitions, which more properly belong to *Astley's*, *Sadler's Wells*, and the strolling companies, which afford such exquisite delight to the gaping bumpkins at a country fair. Signora Ermenegilda Cheli's fencing-exploits, and madame Sacchi's rope-dancing feats, are very justly held up to animadversion, in the following lines :

" Yet dare I plead, who, in this wond'rous age,
 " Can only *speak*, and *walk*, upon the stage ;
 " Who know nor *carte*, nor *tierce*, nor fencing odds,
 " Nor, by a rope's assistance, seek the gods !"

This humorous sally was loudly applauded, even by the gods themselves. It is unnecessary to remark, that the *epilogue* was most happily delivered, when we add, that it was spoken by Miss Kelly.

Tuesday, May 21st.—*Bertram—Oberon's Oath ; or, The Paladin and the Princess*.—A fairy tale, in two acts, under the latter title, was produced this evening. The story is taken from Wieland's celebrated poem of *Oberon*, a translation of which has appeared in this country, by Mr. Sotheby. After the detailed analysis we have given of the New Tragedy, we shall not enter into a minute *critique* of an after-piece, which at best is but one remove above a pantomime, and like it rests its pretensions solely on the attraction of splendid scenery, and some pretty music. On the first representation of *Oberon*, it was almost impossible to hear a word of the second act, owing to the strong opposition manifested in every part of the house. When announced for repetition, the clamour swelled into a perfect storm. The manager was peremptorily called for, and in such a tone, as indicated the determination of the malcontents to insist on his appearance. Mr. Rae accordingly obeyed the call, and presenting himself in front of the stage, stated, that he came respectfully to learn the pleasure of the audience. This address was answered by mingled cries of "*Repeat ! Repeat !*"—from the friends of the new piece, whilst "*No ! No !*" was as loudly vociferated by the adverse party. In this state of uncertainty, Mr. Rae very judiciously observed, that as the

audience appeared to be divided in opinion on the merit of the new after-piece, he trusted that their liberality would permit it to have a second trial. Even this proposal met with considerable opposition, but at length the storm gradually subsided, and *Oberon* was given out for repetition. We cannot compliment the author on the success of his dramatic labours.

COVENT GARDEN.

SORRY are we to see this theatre again encumbered with a mill-stone round its neck, by the return of Mr. J. P. Kemble. This gentleman made his first appearance on these boards, this season, on Tuesday, April 23d, in the part of *Coriolanus*. Time was, when Mr. Kemble shone conspicuously in this character; but, at present, the attempt is utterly beyond his physical powers. It is painful to witness the frustrate efforts of imbecility, wilfully blind to its own infirmities, and vainly struggling against the wonted and resistless course of Nature. Mr. Kemble exhibited a still more woeful proof of the folly of all such ambitious aspirings, on Friday, April 26th, when he had the presumption to throw the gauntlet to Kean, and enter the lists as his avowed rival, in the part of *Sir Giles Overreach*, in Massinger's comedy of a *New Way to Pay Old Debts*. Pity was the prevailing feeling with the audience, in which we ourselves most sincerely participated. On a subsequent occasion, Mr. Kemble substituted "inexplicable dumb show" for dignified utterance, in the part of *Brutus*, in the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*, since which period we have hitherto been relieved from the pain of witnessing his abortive efforts.

Saturday, May 14th.—*Jealous Wife*—*Cymon*.—Miss O'Neill personated a new comic character, this evening, for her own benefit. For this purpose, she selected the part of *Mrs. Oakley*, in Colman's well-known comedy of the *Jealous Wife*. In this character she appears to much greater advantage, than she did as the representative of *Lady Teazle*. But still her acting is not entirely divested of all tragic tinge. In the lighter scenes, she was truly excellent; but when she discovers her error, and feels penitent for her intemperate and violent bursts of passion, she relapses unconsciously into the sombre votary of *Melpomene*. She is too solemn in her manner, too measured

in her delivery. On the whole, however, her performance of the jealous wife is entitled to the highest applause.

There are few plays in a course of representation on the Covent-garden-stage, in which the *dramatis personae* are better cast than in this comedy. Mr. Young, as the married *Mr Oakley*, did ample justice to the part. The *Major* finds an able representative in Mr. Terry. *Charles Oakley* is assigned to Mr. C. Kemble, who acquitted himself very creditably. Mr. Fawcett personates the rough, unpolished fox-hunter, *Sir Harry Beagle*, with much spirit, and Mr. Jones obtained great applause in the part of *Lord Trinket*. Tokely's *O'Cutter* is humorous, though rather bordering too much upon downright farce.

Mrs. Gibbs's *Lady Freeloze* is entitled to peculiar commendation. Her performance of this part embodies the very idea of the author. Gay and libertine, artful and hypocritical, she assumes every character with perfect ease, yet never loses sight of nature. Miss Foote, as the representative of *Harriett Russett*, is highly interesting and impressive.

Monday, May 6th—*Julius Caesar*—*Royal Nuptials*; or *The Mask of Hymen*. A new entertainment, in one act, was represented this evening, under the latter title, in honour of the recent marriage of her royal highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, with the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg. Productions, brought out under such circumstances, are generally out of the pale of critical jurisdiction, and are to be considered merely as *ephemeral* offsprings of the drama. As a spectacle it is sufficiently splendid, and the music, which is partly composed by Mr. Bishop, partly selected from the works of Handel, Mozart, and other celebrated masters, is on the whole pleasing. To more specific mention the new farce, which has already been "gathered unto its forefathers," and now sleeps the sleep of peaceful oblivion, is not entitled.

Friday, May 10th—*Merchant of Venice*—*Royal Nuptials*—*Love à la Mode*.—Mr Bibby, a pupil of the celebrated George Cooke, whose *debut* on the metropolitan boards, as the representative of *Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant* in Macklin's comedy of the *Man of the World*, we noticed in our last number, this evening sustained the part of *Shylock*, in the comedy, and afterwards personated *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*, in the farce. We still retain the opinion we gave of this gentleman's perform-

ance, in our preceding number :—with time and experience, he bids fair to become an acquisition to the stage. Much censure has been passed on Mr. Bibby's acting, on the pretext, that he is too violent, too energetic, and further that he is totally devoid of grace. But do not the same objections, we beg leave to ask, apply to Mr. Kean's style of performance? Has that gentleman any great pretensions to gracefulness of manner? Again, Mr. Bibby is condemned for too scrupulously "suited the action to the word." Does not Mr. Kean frequently give into the same error? Does he not at times half throttle himself with his own hands, in the violence of his gesticulation, and then complain that grief nearly choaks him? That Mr. Bibby is frequently boisterous, and even *outré*, we affect not to dissemble; but let it be remembered, that this is occasioned by copying the manner of a certain actor, who has been brought into sudden popularity and vogue, by the very same fault. Of Mr. Bibby's *Sir Archy Macsarcasm*, it is but justice to say, that it is entitled to high commendation.

Thursday, May 23d,—*Adelaide*; or, *The Emigrants—Cymon*.—

A tragedy, under the former title, was this evening performed on the Covent-Garden boards, being the first time of its being represented on the British stage. It is, we understand, the production of an Irish Barrister, of the name of Shiel, and by whom it was written for the express purpose of displaying to advantage the tragic powers of Miss O'Neill. It was first brought out in Dublin, in 1814, where it met with a very flattering reception. It does not, however, appear probable, that it will meet with the same success on the London boards. Notwithstanding the attraction invariably attached to novelty, all the magic powers of Miss O'Neill have not as yet been able to procure it a second representation. We may therefore, in some measure, consider it as already laid aside.

Under these circumstances, to enter into a comprehensive analysis of the tragedy of *Adelaide* would be nugatory and ridiculous. The plot is not distinguished by any marked vicissitude of incident. *Count St. Evremont*, (Mr. Young) emigrates from France with his wife (Mrs. Egerton) his daughter *Adelaide*, (Miss O'Neill) and a protégée of the family, of the name of *Julia*, (Miss Foote.) The family establish themselves in the vicinity of the castle of the *Count of Lunenberg*. (Mr.

C. Kemble.) Their humble retreat is consumed by fire, in the midst of a winter's storm, and the poor emigrants, without friends or fortune, are compelled to seek shelter in the forest. Chance conducts them to the castle of *Lunenberg*, where they solicit and obtain an asylum. The *Count* becomes enamoured with *Adelaide*, and after various struggles between love and ambition, resolves to gratify the former, without making a sacrifice of the latter passion. He betrothes himself to a princess, and at the same time obtains his dishonourable views with *Adelaide*, whom he deludes by a sham marriage. Soon after this transaction, a noble suitor aspires to the hand of *Adelaide*. This circumstance gives birth to a series of embarrassments, which eventually effect a disclosure of *Lunenberg's* baseness. At this critical moment *Albert* (Abbot) son to *Count St. Evremont*, who has been reputed dead, makes his appearance.—He no sooner learns the story of his sister's wrongs, than he determines to revenge them.—The catastrophe is wound up by the death of *Lunenberg*, who rushes on *Albert's* sword, and *Adelaide*, in despair, swallows poison.

The *original* epilogue to the new tragedy of *Adelaide* not being congenial to the Covent-Garden boards, as treating with ridicule representations, which rest their pretensions solely on show and pageantry, a new one was written for the present occasion, and delivered by Mr. Mathews, in the character of *Sir Fretful Plagiary*. It contains some retributive hits at Drury-Lane, in retaliation of the attack made, in the epilogue to *Bertram*, on the sword-exercise of Signora *Ermenegilda Cheli*, and the rope-dancing exploits of Madame *Sacchi*, exhibited at Covent-Garden theatre.

END OF VOL. XI.

